PRIVATE EYE

£1

No. 988
Friday
29 October '99

BEEF WAR – FRENCH RUMBLED

THE WEEK Special Offer

FREE ISSUE

How to claim your FREE copy of THE WEEK with absolutely no obligation

FOR ANYONE WHO WANTS TO STAY IN touch with key British news and world events, there's only one weekly magazine that matters: *The Week*. Now you can try it yourself, without risk, by requesting a free issue through this special offer.

To request your FREE copy of *The Week* simply complete and return this form within 14 days

Your FREE issue of *The Week*

We're so confident in *The Week*'s ability to inform and entertain that we're happy to send you a free issue. Simply complete the form on the right and send it back to us. No strings attached.

The best of the British and foreign Media

The top stories, the best articles, the wittiest comment. Every seven days, in 40 essential pages, *The Week* brings you the most important, amusing and useful writing from the British and foreign press.

So why not try it?

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT US

"*The Week* works brilliantly. Completely essential reading."

William Boyd, Author

"I read *The Week* every week. I think it's fantastic."

Matthew Parris, The Times

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT EVERYTHING THAT MATTERS

THE WEEK FREE ISSUE REQUEST FORM

☐ **Yes,** I'd like to try *The Week* FREE and without any obligation. Please send me a FREE copy of *The Week* as soon as possible.

Title – Mr/Mrs/Ms/Other **Forename**

Surname

Address

Postcode **Country**

Daytime Tel:

Now return this form to: The Week, FREEPOST SWB26, Bristol, BS32 0ZZ.

Or Call: 01454 620070 **(quoting code Y901PE)**

Or Fax: 01454 620080

Or e-mail your request (quoting code Y901PE) to: cihotline@aol.com

Y901PE

Enquirers must be aged 18 or over. In order to safeguard our customers, certain transactions may require written confirmation. First Direct reserves the right to decline to open an account for you. Credit facilities are subject to status. For written details of our services write to First Direct, Freepost, Leeds LS98 2RF. To maintain a quality service, calls may be monitored and/or recorded. First Direct PC Banking is only available in the UK. **LLOYDS TSB**. The costs comprise fees of £5 per month. **BARCLAYS**. The costs comprise fees of £5 per month. **NATWEST**. The costs comprise fees of £5 per month. **First Direct** variable interest rate for overdrafts of £250 is 12.6% **EAR.** All information based on authorised overdrafts of £250 for 6 days or more per month. The rate and fees correct as at 18 October 1999 but may vary in the future. First Direct is a division of HSBC Bank plc.

first direct

Member HSBC Group

you don't want to pay...

...so there's no need to. At First Direct everyday banking transactions are free, even if you're overdrawn. We also give you a £250 overdraft facility free of any fees, because we appreciate that from time to time you may need a little flexibility.

you don't want a closed bank...

...so we've never closed. We are open 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. Bank with us by telephone and you can call from anywhere in the UK at anytime for the cost of a local call. Which means no long treks to the high street and no queuing either.

you don't want hassle getting cash...

...so we give you the First Direct Card. Use your First Direct Card to withdraw up to £500 a day, free from specified cash machines across the UK, including HSBC Bank and NatWest. It also guarantees your cheques for £100 and lets you pay by Switch. Paying in is just as easy – at any HSBC Bank or direct to us by post.

you don't want hassle paying bills...

...so we pay bills for you. Simply call us, tell us who to pay, how much and when. This way you can easily organise everything to suit you best, then forget it – we'll make all the arrangements.

you don't want poor service...

...so we make sure you never get it. Every call is answered by our friendly and professional Banking Representatives, who will deal immediately with your day-to-day banking needs. And they are supported by specialists ready to help with all of your more complex banking requirements.

you don't want restricted access...

...so we offer you PC Banking too, at no additional cost. Online, you simply do your own banking - pay bills, check your balance, apply to open accounts, transfer funds and view transactions - and you can send us messages too. Additionally, we provide free Internet Access and will shortly be offering free banking through the Internet. And soon we'll be extending our mobile phone banking service too.

you don't want to have to shop around...

...so we make sure you don't have to. You have access to a comprehensive range of direct banking services. These include a no annual fee Visa Card, a range of saving and borrowing opportunities, a no gimmicks home finance service, along with insurance and travel services.

you don't want hassle moving...

...so we make it simple to open an account, transfer your salary and other banking transactions. You'll find that as a member of the HSBC Group, one of the largest banking and financial services organisations in the world, we provide the best service to our 930,000 customers from day one. And it's easy to find out more about 24 hour banking – call free now on **0800 24 24 24**, complete the coupon or visit our website at **www.firstdirect.co.uk**.

if you don't enjoy free banking...

annual current account charges (annual fees for use of £250 overdraft)	
Lloyds TSB Classic	£60.00
NatWest Current Plus	£60.00
Barclays Bank Account	£60.00
First Direct Cheque Account	£0.00

...you're with the wrong bank

for 24 hour banking call free

0800 24 24 24

please quote ref BK995 www.firstdirect.co.uk

or complete the coupon and post to:
First Direct, FREEPOST, Leeds LS98 2RF

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms or Title

Surname

Forename(s)

UK Address

BK996

Postcode ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Telephone No ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

W.& J.

GRAHAM'S

ESTABLISHED 1820

UNBEATABLE. In the search for that extra special **Late Bottled Vintage Port**, it is not a bad policy to pay serious attention to the opinions of some of the experts in the field. Writing of **Graham's**, *James Suckling* of the **Wine Spectator** has observed, "*The consistently outstanding quality of its Vintage Ports illustrates a passion for making great Port.*" And the respected authority *Robert Parker* remarked "**Graham's** *has probably been the most consistent producer of great Port in the post World War II era.*" In blind tastings held each year by The International Wine Challenge, **Graham's** has repeatedly *won more top awards than any of its competitors.* Since 1993 **Graham's** has won a record total of 12 Gold Medals for its Ports including, this year, a Gold for the 1994 LBV. "*I'll go for* **Graham's**", you'll say: "*It's unbeatable*".

The Quintessential Port.

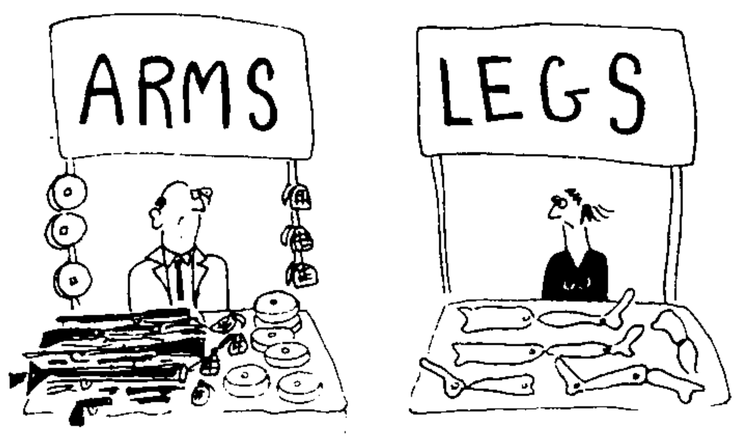
www.grahams-port.com

Gnome

The Application of Lord Gnome to Remain as a Hereditary Peer in the Revised House of Lords

I, Lord Gnome, should remain in the Upper House on the grounds of my passionate commitment to my country, my record as a dedicated constitutional legislator, and the fact that I have a number of compromising photographs of a certain senior cabinet minister which I am sure he would not like to see published in one of my newspapers in the unlikely event of me not being retained and given the job of Blackmailer-General. *(Surely "Paymaster"? E.S.)*

(75 words)



SUBSCRIPTION RATES

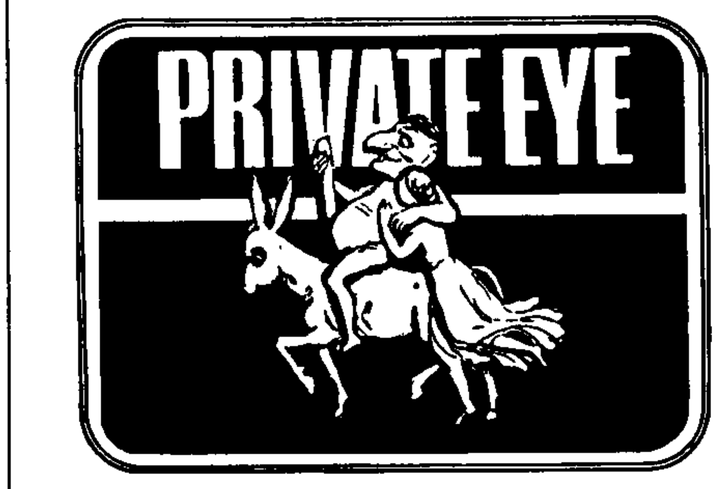
£17 per annum. Europe and Eire £25.
Airmail — rest of world £33.
Cheques/POs to Private Eye. Access/Visa.

PRIVATE EYE SUBSCRIPTIONS
Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE
Tel: 0171-228 0588. Fax: 0171-924 3719.
Email: eyesubs@cix.co.uk

EDITORIAL
6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.
Tel: 0171-437 4017. Fax: 0171-437 0705.
Email: strobes@private-eye.co.uk
http://www.private-eye.co.uk

ADVERTISING
Tel: 0171-839 6306

ABC
CONSUMER PRESS



COLOUR SECTION

WHO IS behind the sudden torrent of stories about Geoffrey Robinson's memoirs?

The one candidate who appears to be genuinely innocent is the former paymaster-general himself. True, he was responsible for an earlier spate of news items, during the summer, after his literary agent Natasha Fairweather had suggested that a few tantalising titbits might up the price of the serial rights to his book. Since then, however, the *Daily Mail* has bought the rights and Robinson has been keeping his mouth shut.

"Charlie Whelan is the freelance hand behind most of the past week's nonsense," Michael White suggested in Monday's *Grauniad*. There is, however, an obvious flaw in the theory. It was Andrew Grice of the *Independent* and Tom Baldwin of *The Times* who started the latest frenzy, by reporting last Wednesday that Downing Street was leaning on Robinson not to blow the gaff on his donations to New Labour eminences. Grice and Baldwin are both known as conduits for Peter Mandelson, not Whelan.

In short, it seems that the Prince of Darkness, or one of his little helpers, decided on a bit of pre-emptive book-wrecking – just as he did last year when leaking the news of his own Robinson loan to the *Grauniad*'s Seumas Milne, in order to sabotage the biography by Paul Routledge. Better to get the embarrassment over now, Mandelson reasons, than have it hanging over us for the next six months.

But then along came the *Sunday Times* with a front-page splash revealing that Robinson has photos of a "senior Cabinet minister" in the company of "a young person". The story was written by Eben Black, who until recently worked for the *News of the Screws*. The minister in question is assumed to be Mandelson himself, and the subtext of the piece was clear enough: if Mandy knows what's good for him, he should stop scheming against Geoffrey Robinson.

Even Peter Mandelson isn't devious enough to issue a public blackmail threat against himself. So who put Eben Black up to it? Oddly enough, the recent Channel 4 documentary about Charlie Whelan included a fond tribute from one Eben Black. And, surprise surprise, Charlie and Eben were seen lunching together the other day, discussing the ever-fascinating subject of Peter Mandelson.

THE *Daily Mail* is leading a glorious patriotic campaign against Johnny Frog. ("Just Say Non!") But the list of products from France which should be boycotted – St Agur cheese, Bollinger champagne, Johnny Halliday records, etc etc – has one notable omission. For the past six months the *Mail on Sunday*'s colour supplement, *You* magazine, has been printed in, er, France.

It should also be recalled that the late Lord Rothermere spent most of his time in Paris rather than London, explaining that Paris was a woman while London was a man – and, yes, he much preferred women. He also owned a "lovely country house in the Perigord, which I'm beginning to think of as home", as he told an interviewer last year. If he were still alive, no doubt the *Mail* would be adding its own proprietor to the List of Shame.

TREVOR PHILLIPS all but accused Ken Livingstone of racism when Red Ken suggested Phillips be his deputy. How strange, then, that Phillips should now be so willing to run as deputy for Frank Dobson.

Dobson, it seems, is not being patronising by offering Phillips the deputy's slot, but rather is showing he will "put his money where his mouth is in choosing to create a ticket that will be representative of London's ethnic diversity". But then Phillips also announced that he opposed the privatisation of London Underground – yet he is now running with Frank Dobson, whose main difference with Ken is, er, the privatisation of London Underground.

What a pity Jack Straw's announcement that he intended to take on 5,000 more police recruits turned out to be untrue. The extra staff could have been employed to carry out one of his other dreams-dressed-up-as-policy – compulsory drug tests for all those facing arrest.

Officials taken completely by surprise by the big criminal justice idea – unveiled at Labour's centenary conference – have already made it clear they think it unworkable. Carrying out urine tests on all 500,000 people who are cautioned or charged with serious offences would cost billions, fill police cells and double the prison remand population overnight.

And now police officers are adding their concerns, saying they would have joined the health service if they had wanted to supervise people pissing into pots. They point out that detaining people while awaiting the results of a test would breach their legal duties under the Police and Criminal Evidence Act, while re-catching those who subsequently proved positive would be a huge drain on already stretched services.

Expect a much watered-down proposal to test only those where there is a strong suspicion of drug abuse in next month's Queen's speech.

AS the Butcher of Tibet Jiang Zemin arrived for his state visit, diplomatic nerves were concentrated on Prince Philip in case he made some *faux pas* along the lines of his "slitty eyes" gaffe in China a decade ago. Alas, no one was watching Robin Cook, whose own lack of tact hugely embarrassed Brenda during her state visit to India in 1997.

Sure enough the foreign secretary beat the prince to score the first own goal. Interviewed by Robin Lustig on Radio 4's *The World Tonight* about Pakistan's suspension from the Commonwealth, Cookie ranted about democracy and zero-toleration of dictatorship. When Lustig asked how this squared with the red carpet being rolled out for Butcher Jiang, Cook was totally wrong-footed. He blurted out that China wasn't in the Commonwealth. And, er, anyway, Jiang was only coming because China had done the same thing for the Queen.

This time Cook's aides were signalling furiously and he felt his bleeper vibrate violently. Alas, it was too late to get him back on-message and Lustig, an astute interviewer who knows when a politician has kebabbed himself, wrapped up the interview sharpish.

- *Hackwatch — Falling Leaves* 7
- *Air Traffic Control?* 8
- *Mayor of London Special* 9
- *Letter From Pakistan* 16

Street Of Shame

THE ENGLISH-BORN editor of Scotland's *Daily Record*, Martin Clarke, may have been right to lodge a complaint with the Commission for Racial Equality against the English FA for its attempts to prevent Scottish football fans purchasing tickets for the England Scotland clash on 17 November.

His case would be stronger however if he and his paper were more consistent in their own stance on cross-border relations.

Since the announcement of the historic match the *Record* has adopted a brutally anti-English stance. On 14 October the headline "Traitor Blair to back English" appeared alongside a diatribe against the coverage of the game by the London-based media, "English bias on the box".

An even more virulent anti-English article appeared on 15 October, "Here is the first English bastard" – a profile of SR Bastard who played for England against Scotland in 1880. The piece concludes, "Do you really believe that there has only been one bastard to play for England?"

It seems that the *Record* is suffering from a mild bout of schizophrenia with this latest diatribe, as its more usual sparring partner is not England but the SNP. *Record* columnist Tom Brown is particularly renowned for his criticism of the ScotNats – on 24 September, for example, he criticised the "narrow-minded, knee-jerk Nationalism that is the ugly face of the SNP".

Of course such turns of opinion are nothing new to Clarke or Brown. The latter came to the "new" Labour-loving *Record* after penning anti-Labour articles for the Tory-leaning *Scottish Daily Express*, while Clarke used to edit the *Scottish Daily Mail*, the only newspaper in Scotland not to back devolution.

DESPITE the smear campaign by persons unknown against Scottish secretary John Reid, who is at the heart of a cash-for-access row involving his son, Reid's supporters, and those in the media who have run the Lobbygate story, haven't lost their sense of irony.

As Glasgow's campaigning *Herald* said on its front page recently: "'These people hide behind anonymity. It's just appalling', one source close to Dr Reid told the *Herald*."

JUST FANCY THAT!

28 September: Charlie Dimmock is denounced by the *Daily Mail* for "shameless self-promotion... cashing in on her 15 minutes of fame... overexposure and a profile far exceeding her talents." The piece is headlined: "Is There Nothing Charlie Won't Do?"

10 October: Nothing at all, it transpires. With a tremendous fanfare, the *Mail*'s sister paper introduces its new star columnist, spread over two pages, no less: "The star of TV's *Ground Force* and *Charlie's Garden* joins the *Mail on Sunday*."

THE *Daily Mail*'s Just Say Non! campaign, urging readers to boycott French groceries in retaliation for France's refusal to eat British beef, fell flat right at the start.

The rag's cut-out-and-keep guide to hundreds of items of French produce on British supermarket shelves was detailed all right. But why should readers take it seriously when the same day's paper carried a full-colour Sainsbury's advert offering – you guessed it – "20 percent off French wines"?

FURTHER confirmation of Rupert Murdoch's limitless generosity comes in a memo sent to Wapping hacks who are working over the millennial new year.

All staff who are on duty during the 24-hour period will be eligible to enter a "free prize draw", it reveals, adding as a further enticement that "a free buffet will be arranged in the restaurant for staff working on the 31st/1st". One need hardly add, however, that no booze will be either supplied or permitted.

Meanwhile hacks at Times Supplements Ltd have been informed that "following consultation with staff", management has decided not to hold a Christmas party this year. An indignant letter to the News International staff newspaper asks what form these consultations took – to which managing director James MacManus replies that he took a small straw poll "at the end of the summer when many people were away, so I would not pretend it was the ultimate exercise in democracy".

Rupert Murdoch, aka the Despots' Friend, must be proud of him.

"We went to see The Lion King*"*

JONATHAN FENBY, former editor of the Observer and recently sacked from the top job at the South China Morning Post in Hong Kong, is now urgently job-hunting in Britain.

The 56-year-old is putting it about that he is a bit of a hero: a victim of censorship by the newspaper's pro-Beijing owner, billionaire Robert Kuok. This has caused peals of laughter at the newspaper, where Funboy himself was censor-in-chief.

Funboy claims that the disgraceful sacking of the Hong Kong newspaper's caustic pro-democracy cartoonist Larry Feign in 1995 was nothing to do with him but an act by his predecessor. Staff have retained evidence that it was Funboy's signature at the bottom of numerous letters and faxes vigorously defending this indefensible decision. Funboy wrote to the Guardian explaining that Feign cost 50 times more than Doonesbury, forgetting that most people know that full-time cartoonists always cost more than syndicated strips.

Funboy then took the tack that cartoonist Feign was an anti-Chinese racist. This was even more unfortunate. He apparently did not realise that Feign was married to a Chinese woman and lived on Chinese food in a Chinese house in a Chinese street in a tiny Chinese village on a remote Chinese island surrounded by adoring Chinese in-laws.

Once Feign had been dispatched, the focus moved to Nury Vittachi, an ex-Fleet Street freelance who had become a popular pro-democracy columnist in Hong Kong. Funboy dismissed Vittachi on the orders of billionaire Kuok shortly after the 1997 handover. Unfortunately Vittachi had squirreled away enough examples of Funboy's acts of political censorship to fill a book (which is to be published before the end of this year).

Last month Vittachi gave a speech at a business function in Hong Kong on the challenges faced by journalists – and Funboy turned up to repeatedly interrupt and heckle, giving the assembled hordes a good example of editorial censorship in action.

Meanwhile depressed staff at the newspaper, now known as the Pro-China Morning Post, are facing a grim fact: if the India rubber Fenby was not pliable enough for the proprietor, only Michelin Man will do as a replacement.

AS PART of the *Daily Telegraph*'s ceaseless quest for the yoof market, deputy editor Sarah Sands has decided the paper should interview Kelly Brook, the bimbo who was recently sacked from *The Big Breakfast*.

Sands's assistant Rachel duly rang la Brook's agent, Neil Reading, who invited her to discuss it over dinner at the Ivy. Alas! Reading appeared to have had several drinks already by the time she arrived, and after he had downed a few more he began shouting at her across the table: "Come on, don't just sit there – snog me, snog me!"

Rachel beckoned the maitre d' and asked him to call her a taxi – whereupon Reading started bellowing "We're not getting two taxis! We're going home together!" He then leaned over the table in an attempt to get his "snog".

When Reading rang her the next afternoon, Rachel expressed surprise at his boorish antics. Reading was even more surprised. "Er, I've got rather a sore head," he confessed. "I can't remember a thing."

AT LAST – a scoop in the *Sunday Times*! The paper was understandably jubilant last week when it discovered a letter sent in 1990 by Jeffrey Archer to Dildar Rizvi, general manager of the Bank of Credit and Commerce International (decd.), in which Rizvi was asked to provide an "*evidence bancaire*" to help Archer buy an expensive painting – even though Archer had no account with the bank.

"Lord Archer, the author and Tory candidate for mayor of London, was embroiled in a bizarre business deal to buy a £6m painting by French impressionist Claude Monet with money that did not exist, it emerged last week," the *Sunday Times* reported. "The disclosure comes as Archer gears himself up for the mayoral campaign... Archer's involvement with BCCI has not previously been made public."

Well, not unless you count *Eye* 929, published as long ago as July 1997, which told the entire story.

RIGHT-WING columnist and wannabe Tory MP Peter Hitchens has had his feelings hurt by a gently teasing profile in his local newspaper.

The scourge of lefties everywhere and bemoaner of The Abolition of Britain was interviewed by feature writer Reg Little, who reported their encounter in the *Oxford Times*.

So far, so harmless – until Hitchens' formidable wife Eve read the piece and immediately phoned the paper's literary editor to complain in the strongest terms about Little's "unnecessarily vicious" and "sneering" hatchet-job. While she was at it, Mrs Hitchens quoted favourable reviews of her husband's recently published why-of-why tome and left her interlocutor in no doubt that she expected more of the same from the likes of Little.

All of which left award-winning hack Reg in a state of some bemusement. He thought he'd written a fair, mildly sardonic account of his meeting with the man known to friends and colleagues alike as "Bonkers".

But perhaps this may set a trend: in future, edgy interview subjects could warn those about to profile them: "My wife knows where you live."

JOHN BETJEMAN'S daughter Candida Lycett Green writes a column called "Unwrecked England" in the *Oldie* magazine, which extols the delights of various nooks of old Albion supposedly uninfected by oiks, satellite dishes and burger bars.

In July Candida wrote a paean to the village of Newnham on Severn, in the Forest of Dean, which included an encounter with an old boy called Harry Beddington, "leaning over his garden fence... with a pipe stuck in his mouth". The ancient rustic had rambled on for a full 15 minutes ("There yunt many people outzide the Vorest as da knaw where tis", etc, etc) before posh Candida had understood a word he was saying!

The following issue carried an outraged letter from Beddington's son Roy, who pointed out the truly remarkable nature of Candida's interview with his father – he has been dead for 14 years. He gave up smoking a pipe long before that, and never, in fact, lived in Newnham. He did, however, publish a book called *Forest Humour* in 1977, the first paragraph of which, by an amazing coincidence, was identical to the words ascribed to him in 1999 by Candida Lycett Green.

JUST FANCY THAT!

IT would be easy to say that James Hewitt sank to a new low with yesterday's magazine interview. But it would be wrong.

The Mirror, October 18, p. 6

LOVE RAT James Hewitt sank to new depths yesterday by accusing Princess Diana of using HIM.

The Mirror, October 18, p. 7

LORD SAVILLE's inquiry into what happened on "Bloody Sunday" in 1972 is fast becoming one of the most successful wealth-creation schemes in Northern Ireland. The inquiry has so far managed to spend £11 million (by no means all of it on Michael Mansfield QC's eminently reasonable fees) without actually achieving much – except for threatening to punish any hacks who refuse to do as Saville tells them.

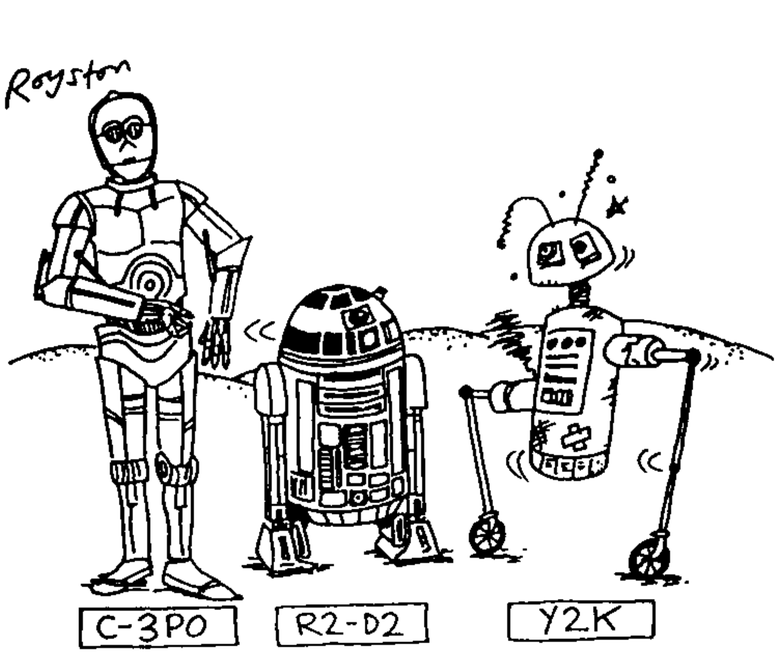
In particular, Toby Harnden of the *Daily Telegraph* is in hot water for destroying his notes and deleting tape recordings of interviews with several British soldiers, in order to protect their identities. Saville's thoughts about such insolence can now be found on his own website, the provocatively titled www.bloody-sunday-inquiry.org.uk. Although oral hearings are still many months away (by which time the legal bills should be heading towards £20 million), he has been receiving written statements from Harnden and documentation from the *Torygraph*. His comments illustrate the danger for hacks when news organisations try to co-operate with the inquiry.

"Mr Harnden told us," his lordship writes, "that he could give no further information as to what he was told that did not tend to disclose the identity of the two sources. In this respect, however, we have noticed that at page 15 of the bundle of working drafts provided by the *Daily Telegraph* on Friday 1 October 1999 there is a note which reads: 'I have kept this as tight as possible but there's plenty more if it is wanted. TH.'... We do not find this observation, taken at face value, easy to reconcile with Mr Harnden's evidence... We shall suspend judgment upon it until we have heard what that explanation might be."

Or, in short, unless Toby Harnden prostrates himself by 30 November at the latest, Saville intends to make an example of him.

The prospect of being imprisoned is likely to further boost young Toby's glamorous reputation. On his arrival in Belfast, he quickly attracted the attention of the city's hackettes, especially Liz MacPherson of the nationalist *Irish News*. Despite his colonial origins, she wrote, Toby boasted a "metropolitan elan" and represented "the very best in young English manhood...at the very prime, with his glistening chestnut hair, cornflower blue eyes, and tall, toned body". Ulster TV's Susie Miller agreed that "Toby is to die for", and even the hard-to-please Suzanne Breen of the *Irish Times* swooned over the man from the *Telegraph*: "like the hero of a Jane Austen novel – really handsome".

When Amnesty International finally gets round to adopting Toby as a prisoner of conscience, his posters are certainly going to be in high demand.



HACKWATCH

Falling Leaves

HELLO SKY! Hello trees! And, above all, a big hello to our old friend autumn, the season that has even hardened hacks a-whimpering and a-simpering.

As the poet Keats noted in his famous ode on the subject, "The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft/And gathering swallows twitter in the skies." Boy do they twitter...

23 August: By hallowed Fleet Street tradition, the arrival of autumn is formally announced every year by W.F. Deedes, who was the model for Evelyn Waugh's plashy-fen expert William Boot... But not in August, shurely? "Heavy rain has brought leaves tumbling down in the wood – an early intimation of autumn – and, with petals all over the place, the rose beds also hint at the end of summer," Deedes informs *Telegraph* readers.

"Dew is heavy in the mornings now... Apples are falling, blackberries are red and ripening fast, and what seemed such a little time ago to be white blossom on the wall is turning into fat red berries." It can all mean only one thing: "We are on the brink of what Keats called the 'season of mists and mellow fruitfulness'."

2 September: By a rather less ancient tradition, *Marketing Week* magazine confirms milord Deedes's diagnosis. "There was no surer sign of an increasingly integrated European Union than the desertion of the UK during August," writes business consultant George Pitcher. "Like France and Italy, the UK is, refreshingly, now closed for the month... The UK economy is in good nick after all, and consumer demand is riding high..." In short, as Pitcher so eloquently puts it, "we can look forward to a season of mellow fruitfulness in corporate UK."

10 September: Laura Craik, the *Guardian*'s fashion editor, previews the new season's styles. "Autumn, the season of mists, mellow fruitfulness, long luxuriant hair, knee-length boots, fluid leather skirts..." The poet Keats couldn't have phrased it better himself.

11 September: More than a fortnight after Bill Deedes's confident announcement, Vikram Dodd reports in the *Guardian* that Britain is actually enjoying a record September heatwave. And met men say there's more to come: "The mists and mellow fruitfulness of autumn will be held at bay this weekend," Dodd predicts.

13 September: With the new football season just begun, Ruud Gullitt and other managers are already collecting their P45s. Or, in the ingenious formulation of the *Scotsman*'s football correspondent, Sandy Strang, "Keats's season of mists and mellow fruitfulness is barely upon us, and already some managerial leaves have departed from their branches."

18 September: A splendid double whammy in the weekend supplement of the *Plymouth Evening Herald*. On page 31, booze correspondent Martin Freeman finds the perfect intro to his piece about the joys of scrumpy: "Autumn, the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness and mind-numbing cider." Two pages later, the pets' column deals with the problem of harvest-mites, otherwise known as chiggers, which fasten themselves on to the legs of dogs and cats. Once again, the intro writes itself: "September, season of mists, mellow fruitfulness and chiggers!"

20 September: Even in the unlikely setting of *Printing World* magazine, hacks are coming over all lyrical. "When the poet Keats described autumn as a season of mists and mellow fruitfulness, he certainly had farmers and their harvests in mind, rather than printers," Rod Hayes admits. "And yet by a form of curious logic, parallels can be drawn..." He proceeds to draw them, in a gripping 1,300-word piece about continuous dampening, integrated inking and the "performance parameters" of polyester printing plates.

28 September: "I've always believed autumn to be Scotland's essential season," Gillian Glover sighs contentedly in the *Scotsman*. "The time when the landscape most reflects the soul of the populace: all bruised purples, smudgy greys and bracken browns, enlivened by the occasional explosion of burnished gold... The long, inky evenings whisper their beguiling promises, and I am all ears." What her ears hear is the features editor of the *Scotsman* demanding 800 words of guff. Glover is happy to oblige. "It is a wondrous thing, modern communication. No need any longer to sit in the chilly back parlour and scribble intense thoughts about mist and mellow fruitfulness, without the faintest hope of anyone reading the lines before next spring." More's the pity.

2 October: In the *Daily Telegraph*, novelist Stevie Morgan tells how she fell in love with her new rectory garden: "I first saw it on a mellow fruitfulness sort of day in late September..." Over in the *Times*, Rachel Campbell-Johnston previews another annual delight: "Along with the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness comes... National Poetry Day."

3 October: How to begin a piece for the *Sindie* on the deeply dull subject of the new books by Messrs Major and Lamont? Martin Rosenbaum has a flash of inspiration: "It is the season of mists, mellow fruitfulness and party conferences, which means it is also the time of the year for political memoirs..."

10 October: Dan Pearson of the *Sunday Times* praises the "discreet charms" of autumn. How can he best define them? Luckily the *mots justes* come to mind at once: autumn, he feels, has a kind of "mellow fruitfulness". Exactly the same thought occurs to Ghillie Bassan in today's *Glasgow Sunday Herald*. "Autumn is not only a lovely season for colour, it is also brimming with berries and fruit... warm shades... wild plums... elderberry wine... apple crumble..." Et cetera. In short, "the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness is well named".

13 October: The ghost of William Boot reappears. "This is a very fruity autumn," Paul Evans reports in the *Grauniad*. "The lane smells of moonshine as windfalls of damsons and apples are mashed in muddy puddles. Hedges are draped with the translucent scarlet orbs of bryony and stuffed with crimson rosehips." For such a piece, only one headline will do, and the sub-editors duly oblige: "Mellow Fruitfulness".

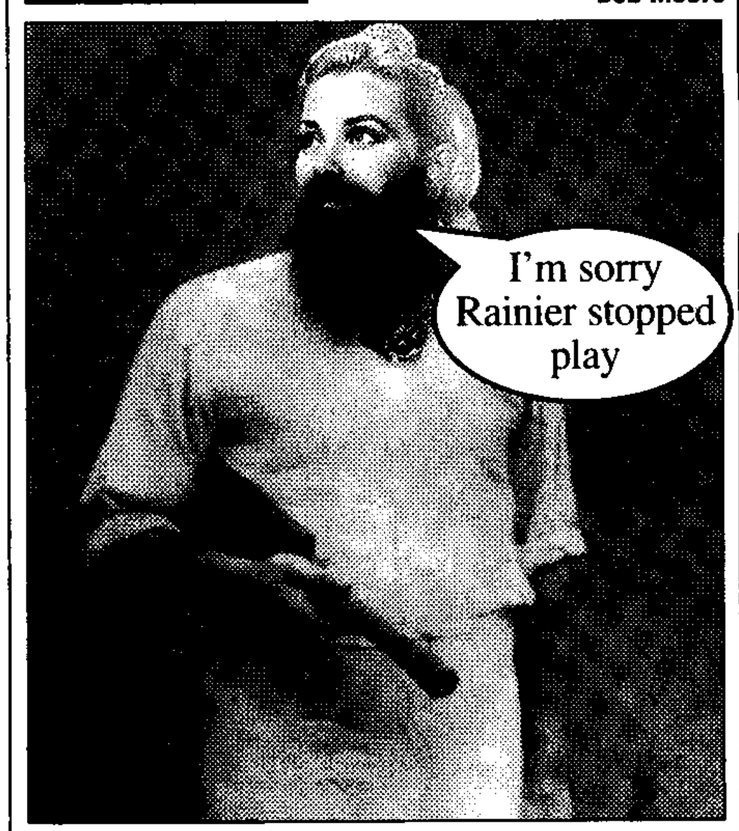
14 October: The *Daily Mail* gives over its leader-page to a major feature by Quentin Letts. "Keats," he reveals, "wrote of autumn's mists and mellow fruitfulness..." But Letts knows better. "Early October, with winter in its infancy, is a time of crisp dawns and pink button noses on the children... As the late season sun glows on the russet woodlands, the first back parlour fires are lit." Never mind that most *Mail* readers probably don't actually have back parlours: Letts is in full rhapsodic flow. "Underfoot there is the crunch of fallen nuts and breeze-blown twigs... Fields twinkle with gossamer... The new-churned soil glistens... The duck shoots will be starting soon. Prepare the roasting pans!"

16 October: There is only one hack in Britain able to outdo Letts for pure drivel. Step forward, Paul Johnson. "The harvest is in, we know where we stand," he discloses in the *Spectator*. "The waning of the sun, the short days, the thickening of the air which renders all things indistinct tell us that good times will not last, that fortune cannot be trusted, that we are mortal." Even the birds singing in Johnson's garden have sensed it: "The door of the year was about to move on its creaking hinges... Their tiny hearts beat anxiously, their cries had a hysterical note." Rather like Johnson's own cries, in fact. "Everything's too late. It's autumn," he wails. "Oh, autumn, season of mellow fruitfulness, my foot."

Can spring be far behind?

SPLIT personalities

Bob Moore



W.G. Grace Kelly

IN 1996 Labour was vehemently opposed to the privatisation of air traffic control. ("Our air is not for sale!") In 1997, it suddenly decided that maybe there was something in the idea. But where does it stand now? Allow the government to explain:

29 September: John Prescott tells the party conference that he will sell off 51 percent of the National Air Traffic Control Service (NATS) and dismisses fears that privatisation will jeopardise safety.

9 October: Following the Paddington rail crash, the spin doctors get to work. "Government insiders" tell the *Times*'s political correspondent that the sale of NATS is "in real doubt and could be axed from the giant Transport Bill, which is expected to be announced in the Queen's Speech next month". A similar story in the *Guardian* reveals that "senior Whitehall sources yesterday conceded privatisation may now be politically impossible".

10 October: In a television interview, John Prescott warns opponents of air traffic control privatisation "not to use the Paddington disaster to advance their argument". He insists the sell-off will go ahead and will actually improve air safety.

11 October: Alastair Campbell tells lobby hacks that ministers intend to press ahead with their part-privatisation of the London Underground despite renewed safety fears. "Plans to sell off the air traffic control service would also go ahead as planned."

12 October: The *Guardian* quotes another Downing Street spokesman as saying that the sale of NATS is "in the balance" after the Paddington disaster, and "may be ditched". "Downing Street was significantly more cautious than the deputy prime minister, John Prescott, had been on Sunday when he maintained that privatisation plans were unchanged," it reports.

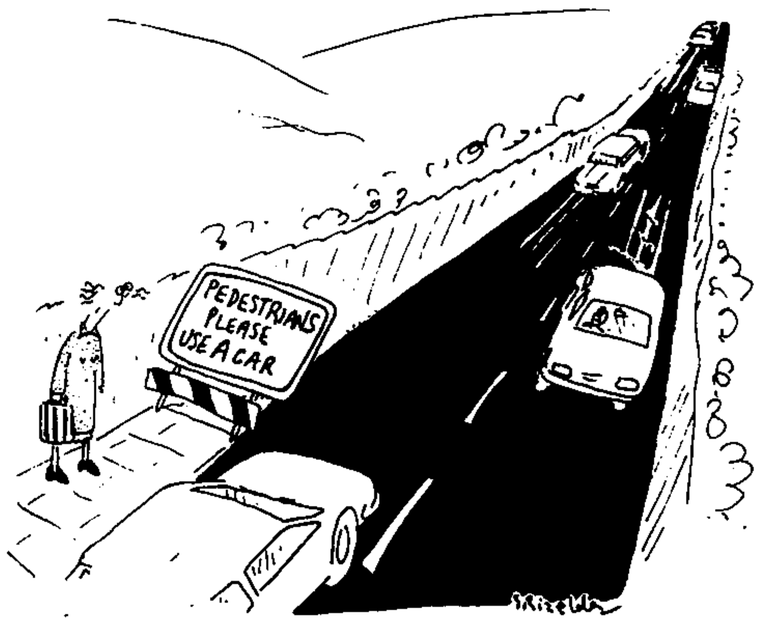
21 October: Tony Blair tells MPs that the privatisation will go ahead after all, and claims that it will actually improve safety.

Critics of the sell-off shouldn't worry unduly, however: there's still time for at least half a dozen more U-turns before the Queen's speech.

CIVIL Service union representatives were stunned to hear the arch-Bennite author of "How to de-select your MP", turned Junior Transport Minister Chris Mullin express support for the Government's mad-cap policy of privatising air traffic control during a recent meeting. For during the early 1980s there was no one more left wing in the Labour Party than Chris Mullin.

Disbelieving comrades thought little more of these claims of a damascene conversion to the free market until Mullin did it again – this time in the Commons. Replying during Transport questions on 20 October – his first time at the despatch box as a Minister – Mullin said: "The Hon Member for Cotswold (Mr Clifton-Brown – Conservative) expressed support for the Government's plans for air traffic control. I welcome that and look forward to his voting with us in the Lobby when the time comes."

How long before the former champion of the Labour Left starts agreeing with Sir Tufton-Bufton (Lymeswold)? I think we should be told.



LIKE so many other New Labour enthusiasts spatchcocked into the government as "political advisers", Andrew Hood, the dashing young political adviser to Robin Cook, is casting around for a more permanent political career. He has his eye on the safe Labour Nottinghamshire seat of Bassetlaw, currently occupied by Joe Ashton, and has already got the support of two unions for the selection.

Hood's ambitions are strongly supported by the Foreign Secretary himself, and likely Labour supporters in Notts have been approached by Foreign Office civil servants anxious to garner votes for their young champion. Local Labour worthies have been informed about Hood's connections with the constituency, which are by any definition rather slight. (Hood's father, who comes from Derby, is a GP in Bedfordshire and Hood's FO supporters proudly claim that some of his fiancée's family come from Worksop in the Bassetlaw constituency.)

Information passed by Foreign Office civil servants to local lefties proclaims Hood as "very much New Labour" and "a thoroughly nice and moderate guy". For some reason, these qualifications have not been enthusiastically endorsed in Notts, where some impertinent concern has been expressed about the rights and wrongs of civil servants' lobbying for New Labour careerists in their departments.

"Good heavens! What happened to you, HM Inspector of Prisons?"

LABOUR'S cosy relationship with party donors is getting cosier. The list of party donors for 1998 shows a healthy smattering of billboard advertisers and their associates amongst the party faithful, with JC Decaux, Ashdel and Vision Posters all donating indirectly or directly to the party. So keen were Ashdel to curry favour with New Labour they even sponsored John Prescott's conference on his much-derided bus policy in March this year.

But then again, it helps having powerful friends when street advertising is so heavily regulated. Prescott duly returned the favours in July, when the DETR launched an "Outdoor Advertisement Control" Consultation.

It proposed to abolish the "Areas of Special Control of Advertisements" (ASCAs), where billboards are banned and which currently cover 50 per cent of England and Wales. It also proposed that the permitted brightness of illuminated boards should be increased, despite the safety risks for drivers.

CHARMINGLY, Peter Mandelson gave his first major interview in Northern Ireland to three pupils from Banbridge Academy.

When one of the youngsters asked if it was sometimes acceptable for politicians to lie, Mandy replied with a severe rectitude that even Ian Paisley would admire: "No, I don't think it is acceptable. I can't varnish that in any way at all. I think that politicians gain much more respect for themselves and for politics as a whole if they are straight with people. I've always been straight with people..."

This may come as a surprise to the Britannia Building Society, which, along with the Department of Trade and Industry and 10 Downing Street, was kept entirely in the dark about Mandy's £373,000 home loan from Geoffrey Robinson.

WHEN is an acceptance to an invitation not an acceptance to an invitation? When it's made by the very grand lord chancellor's department, apparently.

Allan Percival, director of communications at Lord Irving's department, writes to the *Eye* to complain that it was jolly unfair of us to describe as "disingenuous" his rebuttal of Lord Irvine's attendance at the 12th Commonwealth law conference held in Malaysia in September.

"In February 1999, Lord Irvine was invited to the law conference to be held in Kuala Lumpur in September. His private secretary acknowledged the invitation on 17 March but explained that he could not give an answer at that time because of pressure of other commitments. On 4 May, Lord Irvine's private secretary wrote to decline the invitation. This wasn't 'pulling out' at the last minute. It wasn't even 'pulling out' at all. The Lord Chancellor had never accepted."

Hmm. That's not quite how the Commonwealth Law Association or the Malaysian Bar Society see it. According to the association, the society spoke to the lord chancellor's office at the start of the year when he *agreed* to speak at the conference depending on other commitments. Thus, on the basis of this conversation the following appeared in the preliminary brochure: "Tuesday 14th September 5.00pm Special Address by the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain."

SCOTLAND'S SONS

POLITICS is a family affair in Scotland, as the investigation into the latest lobbying scandal surrounding Edinburgh PR firm Beattie Media by the Scottish Parliament Standards Committee reveals.

After a slow drip of articles in the Scottish and English press about the lobbying role of Kevin Reid, son of the Scottish Secretary John Reid, two *Observer* reporters posing as businessmen extracted boasts of undue influence from Reid and his colleague Alex Barr.

In a taped conversation, Reid and Barr suggested they had easy access to meetings with Scottish Finance Minister and former Beattie Media employee Jack McConnell via his constituency secretary Christina Marshall. Ms Marshall, who also used to work for Beattie Media, is the daughter of Shettleston MP David Marshall.

Malcolm Robertson – son of NATO general secretary George Robertson – is another former Beattie Media employee. He is now a parliamentary officer for the Scottish Airports Authority.

The son of Cathcart MP John Maxton has also demonstrated the speed with which the offspring of Labour politicians north of the border have been manoeuvred into positions of influence. Jamie Maxton has been appointed parliamentary liaison officer for Scottish Power, which just happens to have a large office in, erm, Cathcart.

Ironically Miss Mowlam's unwanted new role came on the day she was voted seventh in a poll to find the women of the century.
Votes were cast by 500 previous winners of the Women of the Year award.

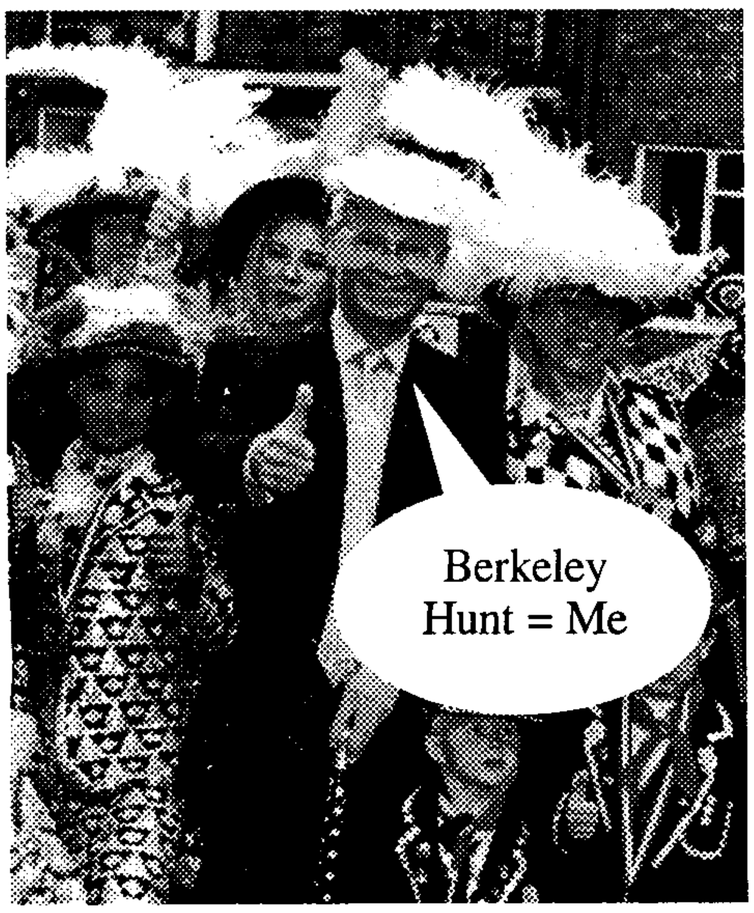
Daily Mail

THE WAR on drugs was never going to be a simple matter but funding the campaign has caused considerable confusion to the Labour-led Scottish Executive.

Last Thursday the head of the prison service in Scotland Tony Cameron announced that £13 million earmarked for the service was being redirected to other areas of the judicial system – above all to the Drug Enforcement Agency (DRE) which will receive £10.5 million.

Prison officers have reacted to the decision with anger, since it will mean 400 job losses in the service. In the face of this reduced capacity they should demand that Donald Dewar explain how he intends Scotland's prisons to cope with the forecast massive influx of drug dealers.

LORD ARCHER RHYMING SLANG



DEBT OF HONOUR

CLARE SHORT and Gordon Brown are seething that Bill Clinton has stolen their thunder over world debt relief. The pair were justly claiming credit for finally getting the World Bank and IMF agreement to write off 90 per cent of the debts of the world's poorest countries, when Bill, in an unexpected burst of compassion, suddenly announced he's prepared to wipe out 100 per cent of debt to the US.

Through gritted teeth, the hapless secretary of State for International Development told the BBC's *Today* programme: "It is good that America's coming to our side, but there is a lot of spin going on here."

Since then the Chancellor and Ms Short have since been doing a bit of spinning of their own. Letters to MPs about the Washington agreement on poverty relief, state that the UK will, in certain cases, also forgive up to 100 per cent debt to relieve poverty. "The US has made a similar commitment," it says.

Actually, Mr Clinton has committed far more. He is wiping the slate clean. What the letter to MPs omits is that the UK is only prepared to write off 100 per cent debt up to the time when the poorer countries first put up their hands and said: "We cannot pay." For those like Ghana and the Côte d'Ivoire, that dates back as far as the 1980s. Any money borrowed since then won't be covered by full relief.

As far as the UK is concerned the sums involved are peanuts – but for the 38 Heavily Indebted Poor Countries (HIPC) covered by the agreements the relief can make a world of difference. If Ms Short and Mr Brown want to take back the credit they rightly deserve for the international drive for poverty relief, they should run with Clinton's baton and think about extending it to other profoundly indebted countries like Peru and the Philippines, which do not quite meet the stringent requirements of the initiative.

THE TORIES — REMEMBER THEM?

A DELAY at the printers meant that the dwindling band of Tory faithful didn't receive the first issue of their new magazine, *Heartland*, a "conference special issue" including a guide to the bars and eateries of Blackpool, until *after* the party conference. Very dynamic.

Among other amusing pieces in the mag is one proclaiming that millionaires funding the Tory party are to be made "redundant". It goes on: "In time I'd like to see half a million people giving £30 a year by direct debit... the days when all parties relied on a few rich people to support them is over."

The author of this surreal piece? None other than party treasurer Michael Ashcroft, the millionaire who singlehandedly keeps the Tories afloat.

LONDON STALLING

Never mind that Nick Raynsford, as Minister for London, announced to Parliament that One Member, One Vote, would elect Labour's candidate for London Mayor earlier in the year. (The deluded Raynsford had himself been persuaded that he was the one to lead London; tragically, however, his candidature was to last barely three days.) The risk that Leninspart would win the lion's share of the vote persuaded Blair confidantes Sally Morgan, Jonathan Powell from Number 10 and the Millbank teenies that the "electoral college" so successfully implemented in Wales in order to nobble Rhodri Morgan was the ideal final solution for Red Ken. Unfortunately they had overlooked one small fact. Namely that a number of the big London-based unions were not quite as malleable as their leak-munching colleagues west of Offa's Dyke.

As first the TGWU and then public sector workers union, Unison announced that they would ballot their members, the plotters decided to cancel the planned meeting of the London selection panel. The Blairite-dominated panel had originally been tasked to weed out "off message" candidates, and the delay allowed time for Trevor Phillips to bow out of the race, while thoughtfully offering himself as Dobbo's deputy in return for top place on Labour's top-up list candidates for the Greater London Authority. The delay was also intended to give Glenda Jackson an opportunity "re-consider her position" and stand down in favour of Dobbo. Except that on this occasion the old thespian resolutely refused to learn her lines, and lashed out at those she accused of trying to force her out of the race, while vowing to "fight on".

As it became apparent that the gerrymandered selection system could, horror of horrors, still allow Leninspart to squeak through, the plotters realised their ghastly error. Their mistake? To have gone to all that bother of gerrymandering when they should have blocked the former GLC supremo right at the beginning! So Plan B was immediately set in motion. This involved a series of Soviet-style denunciations of Red Ken by "respected" Labour figures. With luck these would have the immediate effect of; a) Persuading Londoners that the newt-loving cockney rebel, was in fact a crazed Fenian lover, whose stewardship of the GLC was similar to that of Pol Pot in Cambodia; b) Scaring moderate Labour Party members into the Dobbo camp; and c) Ending residual press sympathy for the cheated Ken. First to oblige Number 10 by launching a volley of verbal Exocets was Welsh Windbag Neil Kinnock; Britain's clearly under-employed European Commissioner. Neil didn't think that Ken was up to the job, having quite forgotten that this was not dissimilar to the verdict reached by the electorate on him in 1987 and then 1992.

Next up was David Blunkett, who rarely misses an opportunity to ingratiate himself with Tony's little fixers. The Pecksniffian Margaret "Enver" Hodge, and the toadying trade union leader, Sir Ken Jackson, followed him in rapid succession. So keen were others to answer Number 10's duty call that Home Office Minister, Paul Boateng and Culture Secretary, Chris Smith breathlessly offered up handsomely composed denunciations to one London newspaper on the same day. Such was the level of bilious vitriol that the Dobson camp became nervous that a strangely silent Leninspart might be the beneficiary of misplaced sympathy. A desperate plea went out to all-ambitious ex-GLC-members-now-turned-Blairite-ministers – call off the hounds, or lose it for Frank.

TREVOR PHILLIPS's mayoral ambitions have been thwarted by the late entry of Frank Dobson, but his campaign has proved to be something of a roller-coaster ride of inconsistency.

Speaking to a Labour Students conference in Scarborough on 9 July, Trevor bravely hit out at the "fixers" and the "whispering insiders" of "new" Labour. They were he said "guilty of damaging party morale" and he would "warn party leaders that the latest round of 'Dobson must stand rumours' treated voters with contempt and increased the chances of a Tory victory in a low poll". Cranking up the rhetoric, Trevor had this to say: "This fix-up fiasco is nothing new. So far Mo Mowlam, Pauline Green, Glenda Jackson, Nick Raynsford and Tony Banks have all been punted by these same mysterious sources only to be dropped like a hot potato after a few days or weeks." And there was more; "Now it seems that Frank is their last best hope. No disrespect to Frank, but I think he and I would agree that I am better qualified for this job than him in one absolutely essential way: I want to do it." By the beginning of last week Trevor clearly wanted the job of mayor so much that he, erm, stepped down and volunteered to be deputy to the man who was so far less qualified than he.

ONE of those most anxious that Ken Livingstone should not be London Mayor is Home Office Minister, Paul Boateng.

Back in March, writing for the London *Evening Standard* under the strap-line "Why 'good old Ken' should stay part of London's history", the former head of the GLC Police Committee laid into his former boss. Yet Boateng neglected to mention his own Ken-style role in history as a perpetual thorn in the side of Labour leader Neil Kinnock during the 1980s, and his ludicrous war cry upon being elected as an MP in 1987. "Today Brent South!" bellowed the excitable Boateng, before reaching the crescendo – "Tomorrow Soweto!" This was after all the man whose early political life was devoted to the abolition of the hated "sus" law which lifted disproportionate numbers of black youngsters off the streets. But things have changed. In the London *Evening Standard* again, this time in May, there was a firm headline..."Stop and search will carry on". And guess who was the Minister making this promise? Step forward Paul Boateng.

THE "Stop Ken" machine is not the only stitch-up around the Mayoralty. When the bidders for the privatisation of London Underground were announced, "sources close to the project" made clear the scheme must go beyond the point of no return before the new Mayor is installed, so democracy can't interfere with business.

True to form, Prescott is steaming ahead with the PPP, without altering Railtrack's role. This is exactly the kind of scorched earth policy the Tories applied to British Rail, which they rushed to privatise before losing office. The desperate results are there for all to see.

One man with particularly vivid memories of this closing-down sale is Streatham MP Keith Hill. Hill was the political officer for the train workers' union, the NUR (now RMT), from 1976 to 1992. When he entered Parliament in 1992 he became a Transport Select Committee member, and was best remembered for his attacks on rail privatisation. However, Hill now has a new job – taking over from Nick Raynsford as Minister for London. His new duties consist of... driving through the scorched-earth privatisation of London Underground, opposed by the RMT and, after the Paddington disaster, pretty much every London Labour voter.

EYE

Michael Palin's Hemingway Adventure (BBC1)
Millennium (BBC2)
Staying Lost (Channel 4)

BY USEFUL coincidence, last week saw not only the Sheffield International Documentary Festival — with factual grandees descending from all over the world – but also the launch on three different channels of examples of the main styles of documentary: populist, historical and investigative. At the Sheffield docfest, the two main fretting points were "dumbing down" and "staging and faking". Watching these three new series, you can understand the worries.

Broadcasting House has a statue of Ariel outside it — a little reference by Lord Reith to The *Tempest* but in the last decade the only girdling of the world has been done by Michael Palin. Three times — *Around The World In 80 Days, Full Circle, Pole To Pole* — he has pursued different global routes, returning on each occasion to release a best-selling book and receive awards. But if television executives staged an annual pantomime, the story would always have to be the one about the goose that laid the golden egg because they seem doomed to destroy their successes. Even a man who has circled the world three times must have another travel series in him and so we now have *Michael Palin's Hemingway Adventure* (BBC1).

Although the more apocalyptic cries of older critics and programme-makers are not yet justified by the schedules, it's hard to see how this series can be presented as anything other than a classic example of dumbing down. Take an intelligent and personable presenter and a famous and complex Nobel-winning author and how do they turn out on screen? Palin seems trivial and irritating while Hemingway emerges as an entirely non-literary figure: a globe-trotting hunter and fisherman. How did this happen?

The biggest problem is fear of the material. A channel which has recently dedicated episodes of its premier arts strand *Omnibus* to cats in culture and Steve Martin is never going to be at ease with a serious writer and — rather like those celebrity appeals for research into embarrassing medical conditions — BBC1 Controller Peter Salmon seems to have gambled on Palin taking the curse off Hemingway for a mainstream audience. But Palin's interest in Hemingway — a genuine obsession, already dealt with in a book and lectures — is based on his books not his itinerary. It's bad enough for Palin's admirers that he's turned into Alan Whicker but turning Papa into merely an upmarket traveller as well is unforgivable. Would the BBC make a documentary about Damon Hill which only ever showed him riding a bike?

And, as a format, the series makes no sense. The previous Palin series gained tension from chronological or seasonal deadlines but here there is no shape to wanderings. He begins in Spain and ends in Florida with Africa in the middle but could equally have done it the other way round. It's just that BBC1 felt Spanish bullfighting was the best ep 1.

Populist documentaries require a strong narrative — an extreme application of this theory results in the dreaded docu-soap — and so here they have been forced to fake one. There is an opening dream sequence — in which Palin is supposedly chased by a bull — and numerous "chance" occurrences. So dumbing down and staging in the same show... Palin should know better.

Millennium: A Thousand Years Of History (BBC2) is funded by CNN creator Ted Turner but masterminded by a hero of British factual TV, Jeremy Isaacs. Rather as the BBC hoped that Palin might counteract the gravitas of Hemingway, CNN seems to have hoped that Isaacs might lend some gravitas to American documentary.

The thing looks a billion dollars, which is unsurprising as money is Ted Turner's biggest gift. The problem is that the rubric for the series turns out to be a hospital pass for Isaacs. He has been asked to shrink one thousand years of history into ten 50-minute episodes which will not only allow the five or so commercial breaks required by American television each hour but will also be compelling to the average American viewer who thinks that "history" is what you're asked to fill in on your medical insurance forms.

What this means is that — like, fittingly but ruinously, the Manhattan matrons who will be expected to buy the video set of the series for their grandchildren — the show has a terror of ever looking too old. The past has had a visual face-lift. History has been to a clinic in California.

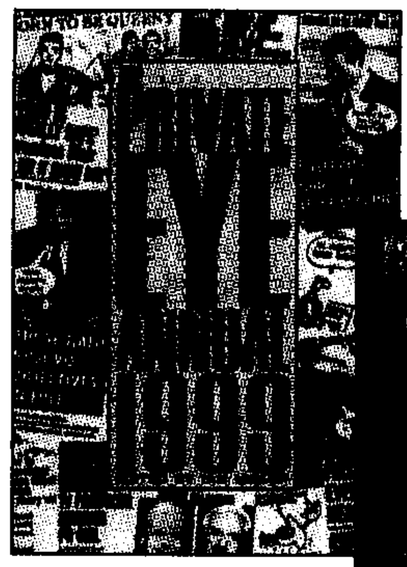
The majority of the footage is contemporary travelogue footage — so that, for example, the India and China sequences look as if Michael Palin is about to step into shot. The Japan section in episode one concentrates almost exclusively on a courtesan in pursuit of the "water cooler moment" (a fact which people might discuss at work next day) – the revelation that women were sexually liberated in the 11th century as well.

There's a myth — encouraged on the letters pages of the stuffier papers — that what we call "dumbing down" is an involuntary stupidity resulting from the fact that executives are less educated or less Oxbridge. That's wrong. What dumbing down means is fear of the audience and the material. And so *Michael Palin's Hemingway Adventure* becomes a series about literature which is frightened of writers while Millennium is a historical project which is terrified of the past.

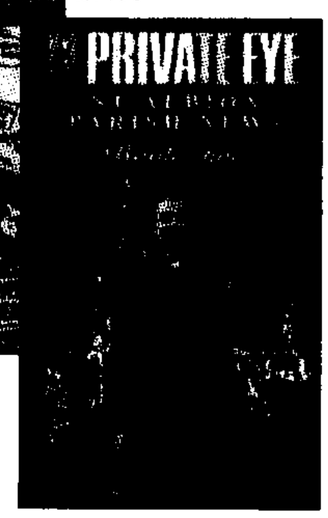
Staying Lost (Channel 4) was a would-be *Cathy Come Home* for today about homeless children. The publicity trailed heroism because Nottingham council had tried to ban it over the matter of identification of minors and the responsibility for their care. Many scenes — as the kids lolled in drugs dens — were terrifying, and this wasn't dumbed-down. The modish observational format, though, with no reporter on screen, left the viewer unsure of when the kids were playing to the cameras or how representative their cases were. The story stayed lost.

'Square Eyes'

JUST PUBLISHED!
3 NEW PRIVATE EYE BOOKS



THE LAST **PRIVATE EYE ANNUAL** BEFORE THE MILLENNIUM – don't miss it! Hardback £7.99



Following last year's best-seller the vicar is back in *Book Two* – £4.99

A selection of the best from the CRAIG BROWN DIARIES 1995-1999
"The funniest thing in print"
The Sunday Times
Bumper Hardback £11.99

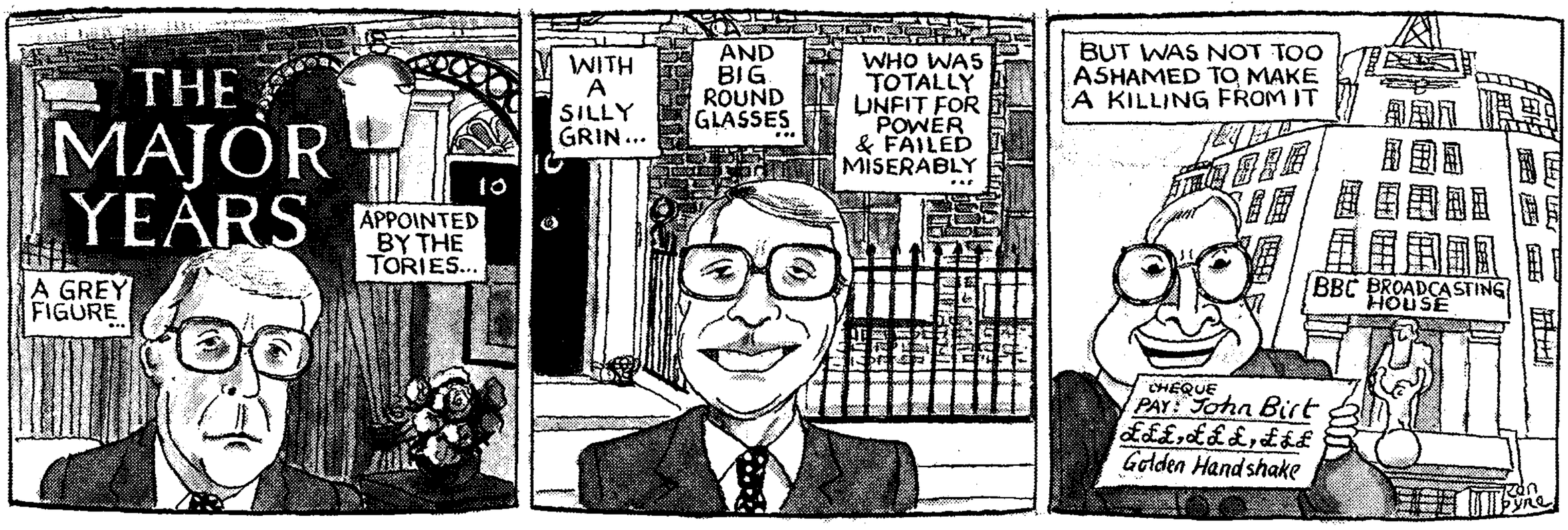
All on sale now at W. H. Smugs and most other bookshops

MEDIA NEWS

THE PROVISION of a £2500 "chit-chat" machine to spare suits at the BBC's open plan offices in the White City from the feelings of stress and loneliness they report after working in their quiet surroundings may not be the only noise-related demand made of the licence-payers' purse. Sadly the new £40m open plan suite created in Broadcasting House has produced exactly the opposite problem – managers there are complaining that the new "workspace" is far too noisy.

The problem lies not with the desks, or "homebases", or even the "club area" used for "spontaneous discussions". No, the real culprit is the revolutionary "hub" zone, designed, according to the project's lavish brochure, as a "social centre where we have gathered all our life support services: coffee, fax, copier and stationery. This is also the place to chat informally with colleagues".

So keen are some suits to chat informally in this high-tech space, that low-tech notices have now gone up asking hub-lovers returning from lunch to be "attentive to noise levels".



THE LATEST in the magnificently long line of glossy PR puffs from *BBC Resources* is a snazzy folder titled: "Conferencing for the twenty-first century". Designed to promote "the extensive range of conference facilities" available at the BBC, it boasts of "superb venues" at White City, Broadcasting House and Television Centre. All this, "together with our overriding commitment to excellent customer service, makes us the first choice when planning an event".

Shame then that its sister directorate *BBC Production* went out-of-house for its own conference this year, preferring to spend licence-payers' money hiring the London Hilton Metropole hotel's facilities instead – facilities that include a "Pommery champagne bar", "superb views" and "international cuisine".

The conference itself was marred by two disasters. One involved a lighting fault that plunged most of the assembly hall into darkness. The other was a speech by the widely despised Head of Production, Matthew Bannister, about "the need to eliminate waste and inefficiency and to ensure that as much money as possible is spent on programmes".

MEANWHILE another design revolution, this time to the small roof-terrace above Broadcasting House's 7th floor, has caused even more havoc. Once used by hacks and production staff for lunches, coffees and smokes, it was quickly deemed to be insufficiently chic for the suits taking over the building who require far more sophisticated surroundings when Taking Five from their high tech noise-hell.

So a Ground Force style makeover was ordered, complete with two huge pergolas and a surrounding area of calming shingle and pebbles. Alas, the pergolas, designed strictly for ground level use, have now dropped through the roof, allowing the elements to play havoc with the feature staff below.

Plugged In

"The rudest man on British television meets the richest man on the planet in a head-to-head that promises to be bloodier than the Prince Naseem Hamed fight (Friday, Sky Box Office 3)..."

Media plug in the *Sunday Times Culture* magazine for "Paxman Meets Bill Gates", BBC2.

Nominated by Simon Marsh.

An occasional column devoted to cross-media plugs masquerading as news.

SEVEN hopefuls have had first interviews for the post of BBC Wales controller which becomes vacant at the end of the year when Geraint Talfan Davies steps down.

One frontrunner is head of news and current affairs Aled Eirug, who in the 1970s was a leading light in the militant nationalist Welsh Language Society.

In December 1975 Eirug was among 33 unrepentant members who were each fined £5 for breaking and entering holiday homes in Snowdonia. He defiantly told the court at Blaenau Ffestiniog that the occupations would continue.

If he gets the job Eirug will at least have a shared interest to discuss with Sir John Birt in their short cross-over period. Birt has a holiday home in Brecon and presumably would be interested to hear of Eirug's youthful pastimes.

THE government's impeccable taste has been displayed yet again with Chris Smith's appointment of Graham Creelman as chairman of the East of England Regional Cultural Consortium. Creelman is managing director of Anglia TV, the cultural forcing house which brought you *Vanessa* and then daughter-of-Vanessa *Trisha*.

As part-time culture commissar for East Anglia, Creelman will chair a group of hip'n'happening folk from local authorities, regional agencies and of course "creative industries" such as film and broadcasting.

Perhaps in anticipation of the New Dawn of artistic awareness in the Fens, Anglia TV has just awarded a contract for an arts series to Imago, the Norwich-based production company which already provides much of Anglia's "independent" quota.

The proprietor of Imago is one Viveca Parsons – otherwise known as Mrs Graham Creelman.

NOOKS and CORNERS

YOU have to hand it to them. If you wanted to devise a system to discourage the repair and maintenance of historic buildings and encourage their mutilation, neglect and even demolition, that would penalise private owners and charitable trusts but favour cowboy builders and those who would cover the land with brick boxes, that punishes the honest while encouraging fraud, tax evasion and low standards, then there is no better model than the current rules for value added tax so strongly defended by successive governments and that continuous and blinkered force for mediocrity, the treasury.

At present VAT is charged at the full rate of 17.5 percent on repair work to existing buildings, whether listed or unlisted, but alterations to listed buildings, along with all new building work, is zero-rated. This means that if you own an historic house and wish to prevent its decay by repairing the roof, you pay thousands of pounds to Customs & Excise for the privilege; but if you want to bugger it up with PVC windows or add a garage, the work does not attract VAT.

Wonderful, isn't it? It means that, say, a parish council trying to repair its medieval church finds the task even more onerous, that charities find it more difficult to raise money to restore historic buildings because donors are disinclined to see their gift being milked by the government, and that building preservation trusts are discouraged from trying to rescue derelict urban properties and convert them into homes. The VAT rules help make demolition and replacement a more attractive option. Nobody benefits — apart from cowboys, of course, and the treasury.

For decades conservation societies, the National Trust and others concerned with the care of historic buildings have been lobbying successive governments to get these ludicrous, illogical, punitive and unfair rules changed. But to no avail. Recently, in the House of Lords, in response to a question about lowering VAT rates on repairs to listed buildings, for the government Lord McIntosh claimed that "European agreements" made this impossible and that "it is government policy to offer financial assistance to the heritage through targeted conservation grants and capital taxation relief." In other words, the state shells out money which the taxman then claws back. Besides, as English Heritage admits, there is so little money for historic buildings around now that only grade I and II* candidates are likely to get help: bad luck if your rotting or leaking house is only grade II.

Last year in the Commons the government was asked about lowering the VAT rate on restoration work to churches and national monuments to 5 percent and the financial secretary to the treasury, Dawn Primarolo, replied that "there is insufficient data to provide the required estimate". Well, now there is. A report was commissioned by members of the Joint Committee of the National Amenity Societies and other interested bodies which was published two weeks ago. Called *VAT and the Built Heritage*, it contains all the statistics about costs and the scale of the problem that the government can possibly require to think seriously about the issue. It also provides a number of case studies and emphasises the sheer illogical unfairness of the present system, concluding that "the burden falls disproportionately on those least able to afford it."

The report points out that owners of listed buildings are required to carry out repairs to a higher than average standard, so incurring greater costs and increasing the VAT, and that while the less rich usually pay the full whack, owners of country houses that run as businesses are VAT registered and so can claim some of it back. The absurdity of the current grant system is demonstrated by the fact that the VAT burden on repairing churches is about £18m a year; that is, not much less than the £20m the church receives in state aid for looking after its historic buildings. Furthermore, the effect of VAT on repairs and not on new build runs counter to the government's stated policy on conservation and sustainability; in other words encouraging the development of greenfield sites rather than the use of brown ones. Mad, mad, and bad.

The recommendations in the report are clear and sane: that there should be a single harmonised rate of VAT at 5 percent on all building work on listed buildings — whether alterations or repair. In 1988, the total value of repairs on listed buildings was £5,900m, bringing in £195m VAT (while English Heritage was only able to give out a mere £35m in grants). With harmonisation, the treasury would lose £92m, but the VAT reduction would generate additional expenditure on repairs, so bringing in more tax, in addition to the merit of simplifying the system and discouraging fraud. If, of course, VAT at 5 percent was imposed on *all* new work, it would bring in at least £500m on new house building. Meanwhile My Lord Rogers' Urban Task Force recommends that VAT on all building work should be zero rated to encourage regeneration and sustainable development.

VAT on repairs is an unintended anomaly resulting from a past concession to zero-rate construction work. The government is afraid of the powerful building industry and, over VAT, shelters behind European law in a cowardly, deceitful manner. But the French and Germans, for instance, who care about their historic buildings, have found ways around the problem. Recently the European Union allowed member states to reduce VAT on certain categories of labour-intensive services, so France has introduced a 5.5 percent rate on repairing private homes.

So why doesn't Britain?

Once upon a time Labour governments tended to be sympathetic to historic buildings, recognising their cultural importance. Not now. But if "new" Labour wants to appear slightly less Philistine than the Conservatives, it has the chance to overrule the treasury and end the counter-productive scandal of imposing huge rates of VAT on repairs. Will it dare? Does it care?

● ***GOOD to see that English Heritage has flexed its muscles and ordered the British Museum to pull down part of its substandard new £98m portico. As this column pointed out at the beginning of September, the Heritage Lottery Fund had stipulated that Portland stone had to be used – not inferior French limestone. Well done English Heritage.***

'Piloti'

IT'S GRIM UP NORTH LONDON KNIFE & PACKER

PLISH CANNI ASH A CHACHUCHINO
ALL DAY BREAKFAST
POLENTA + FIGS + FALAFEL
THAT SOUNDS INCREDIBLY AUTHENTIC, QUIN. THOSE CATALAN LESSONS ARE REALLY PAYING OFF
THAT'S NOT CATALAN, POPPY. QUIN'S TONGUE STUD'S GONE SEPTIC

ROTTEN BOROUGHS

ARTHUR'S SEAT

ONE of the many concerns of worried Labour party members in Lancashire is a serious outbreak of "jobs for the boys".

In February John Adlen, a friend of deputy county council leader Frank McKenna (see *Eyes passim*), was appointed manager of the Skelmersdale Partnership, a flagship "social inclusion" project by Lancashire county council. Adlen, since May a West Lancashire district councillor, helped draw up the job specification in his role as a representative of the Skelmersdale 2000 community group — before applying for the £25,000 pa post himself.

McKenna is now keen to see John Adlen's father, Arthur, appointed to the £26,000 pa job of chief officer of the West Lancashire council for voluntary service (CVS). As the interview panel includes McKenna's close council colleagues Jean White and John Fillis (see *Eyes* 986 & 897), Arthur Adlen's appointment had seemed a foregone conclusion — until it came to the ears of Howard Knight, local government officer at Labour's Millbank HQ.

Adlen Snr's interview had actually begun when it was halted by council officers after protests about the propriety of the selection process. McKenna has since hinted that funding of the CVS may have to be "reviewed". This was in no way a threat, he told colleagues.

PS: The CVS recruitment guidelines have this to say about shortlists for job applications: "Panel members will identify any candidates personally known to them, declare an interest, and withdraw from the shortlist discussion."

● **MEANWHILE West Lancashire MP Colin Pickthall, PPS to home secretary Jack Straw, appears to be taking recent *Eye* stories about the stench emanating from his constituency party seriously at last. *Eye* 986 revealed how the constituency accounts contained a phoney claim of expenditure on "computer stuff". Mr Pickthall refused to make any comment to the *Eye*, but fulminated to the local press about "wild inventions". *Eye* 987 revealed how the constituency auditor had concluded that Pickthall's 1997 return of general election expenses, submitted by his former agent, county councillor Frank McKenna (see above), was "little short of a fabrication": Thickpall's response this time was to rant in the local rag about "Mickey Mouse" stories. Yet on 15 October a member of his staff and a "Labour party auditor" visited the offices of Flexipress printers in Ormskirk and took away all the invoices relating to work done for the Labour party prior to the 1997 election. No doubt these will be made available to Inspector Knacker, who last week announced that an investigation into the affairs of the local party is underway.**

MIDDLESBRO MERC

COUNCIL bigwigs in Middlesbrough continue to receive big pay rises and enjoy the high life despite the ruling of an employment tribunal that 354 council employees were made redundant without proper consultation last year.

While the Labour council's leader Ken Walker and chief executive John Foster have rejected calls for their resignation, the council is appealing against the tribunal's decision, which could cost taxpayers up to £1.8m.

At least ex-Spartist Foster will be able to afford any sudden increase in council tax: he recently received a 24 percent pay rise, to £100,002, plus a further £20,000 in car allowance which he put towards buying a Mercedes. Walker was recently awarded a leader's allowance of £17,000 and was on a five week holiday in the US when the tribunal announced its judgment last month.

Some local residents have already demonstrated how they feel about the chief exec's perks. On a visit to the Grove Hill council estate, yobs smashed the windows of Foster's new Merc and nicked the stereo.

SHANGHAI SURPRISE

LIVERPOOL has had more than its fair share of embarrassment over the choice of lord mayors.

Trevor "doggy-bag" Smith lost his ID at a diplomatic function in China and shouted to his hosts "Me Lord Mayor of Liverpool! Me no cardie!" (*Eye* 794). Then the city bravely appointed its first black mayor, Petrona Lashley — until her convictions for prostitution were revealed and the city fathers ditched her.

Now the axe has fallen on current incumbent Joe Devaney, who has been deselected by the Labour party for his Netherley ward on the grounds of "lack of commitment" (ie being a socialist).

"Junket Joe" — Liverpool's answer to Jiang Zemin — was in Shanghai last week attending a banquet to finalise twinning arrangements between that city and the 'pool. His replacement in the safe seat is expected to be no less a person than Rosie Cooper, the former Lib Dem stalwart who defected to "new" Labour on the eve of the May council elections.

Devaney at least is used to humiliation. Earlier this year he greeted the cruise liner *Royal Viking Star* when it visited Liverpool, and wore his mayoral regalia. However, as the passengers, mainly rich Americans, streamed ashore, they ignored the lord mayor's outstretched hand. "Say, who was the little fat guy with the chain round his neck?" one asked.

● **DONCASTER council has appointed new trustees to the Cooke Almshouse Charity, which provides accommodation for the elderly in the town. They include David Jobes, a former Labour councillor who served four months in prison for expenses fiddling in the aftermath of the Donnygate scandal; former chair of planning Cllr Peter Birks, who was arrested and questioned by Operation Dánum police over his cosy relationship with property developer Alan Hughes and is on police bail; and Stephanie Higginson, a JP and Birks's live-in partner, who was also arrested and questioned over the same matter and is similarly on police bail. All, clearly, "competent persons" ideal to look after the interests of Donny's old folk.**

NEWKY POWER

JUST who is in charge in Newcastle? The rivalry between senior Labour councillor Kevan Jones and the Toon's ostensible council leader Tony Flynn came to a boil during the week of the Labour party conference.

Flynn had written to the cash-strapped International Centre for Life Trust, which is building a £58m "bioscience" centre in the city, pledging further financial support on top of £250,000 already committed to the millennium project. But when Jones, a close friend of agriculture minister and Newcastle East MP Nick Brown, heard about the letter he publicly humiliated his cabinet colleague by declaring: "No taxpayers' money will go into this."

Realising that Jones is after his job, the hapless Flynn has periodically ordered the civic centre's publicity machine to try to match his rival's media profile (many people actually believe that Jones is already the council's leader). The latest effort to promote public awareness of Cllr Flynn — a letter to every home and business in the city outlining the council's "going for growth" redevelopment plans, adorned by a photo of the leader — was a disaster. A "computer error" meant some addresses received dozens of copies, associating Flynn only with a costly cock-up.

Pseuds Corner

According to Tahitian and Samoan legends, the creation of the universe stems from Tangaroa who, inside a shell resembling that of an egg traversed dark empty space since ageless time.

Then came it time to break out of the egg and to create gods and humans, earth and sky, plants and creatures, the phases of the moon and the twinkling of the stars...

Creativity takes many forms. But one pulsating power is common to all: the power of intelligence, primary source of every creative act.

At I.T. Alliance we have the power to imagine – the ability to turn vision into reality. Strategically positioned in four major divisions, I.T. Alliance achieves business solutions through people, skills and alliances.

Advertisement

Each item of clothing in our new collection has been blessed by the venerable Jigme Rinpoche, a prominent Buddhist Lama, to wish you health, happiness and inner peace.

Advertisement for âme fashion

COMFORT: Fiona Larkin
This unique and highly imaginative exhibition is based around the theme of comfort, Artist Fiona Larkin will walk a specific route around Antrim wearing a sand bag, which weighs eight pounds, an imagined physical manifestation of comforts controlling effects. The bags will be on display for

the public to try, along with photographic documentation of her performance.

Clotworthy Arts Centre (Antrim) autumn programme

Simon Wilson, the Tate's curator of interpretation, said *My Bed* [by Tracey Emin] was in the historical tradition of Gustave Courbet and later the Impressionists.

Daily Telegraph

He [Marc Almond] first got a taste for shocking people in 1979, when completing a degree course in performance art at Leeds Polytechnic. For one exam show he sat at a mirror, naked except for black boots and a swastika thong, and shaved half his body. He then smashed the mirror and, with a shard, cut himself, drawing blood. For the climax he lay face down on a large mirror and simulated sex. All he remembers about this now is that the mirror was very cold.

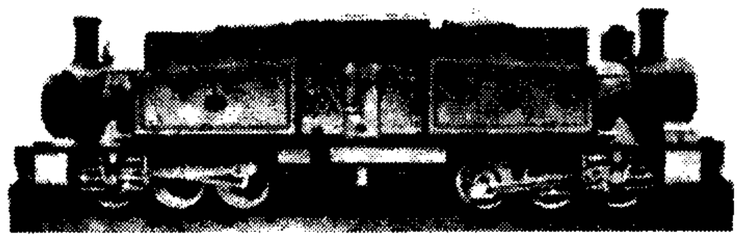
Sunday Telegraph Magazine

In order to address the question whether Hayek might have been an Agent-based Computational Economist (ACE) *avant-la-lettre*, the lecture will consider an ACE model of information contagion. Information contagion has been presented in the literature, alongside increasing returns, network externalities, and information cascades, as an explanation for particular patterns of macro-behaviour that may seem at odds with the underlying micro-motives. But whereas these other explanations have been shown to have proper micro-foundations, information contagion seems to occur only when certain *ad hoc* rules of thumb for individual behaviour are assumed. The lecture will show how information-contagious behavior can emerge in a co-evolutionary process of interacting adaptive agents; how this is related to various Hayekian themes; and how ACE research in general is an application of Hayek's methodological insights.

Institute of Economic Affairs lecture by Professor Nicholas J. Vriend

CONTRIBUTORS: E.J. Lindsay, Jane Marshall, Stephen Butcher, Strobes, Lois Stock, Henry Davids.

£10 paid for entries



SIGNAL FAILURES

Crisis? What safety crisis?

WHY is the government continuing with preparations to hand a huge chunk of London Underground to Railtrack while the giant utility still has questions to answer following the Paddington crash?

The crash itself was further proof of what happens when dogma overtakes reason and warnings are not heeded (see *Eye* 987). Now the Labour government is turning a blind eye to the graphic warning of the wreckage at Ladbroke Grove: it aims to fragment and semi-privatise London Underground just as the Cullen inquiry brings the fragmented and privatised mainlines under greater scrutiny than ever before.

The government, which has already granted Railtrack the concession to build the Channel Tunnel rail link, seems to swallow Railtrack's rhetoric whole. Chief executive Gerald Corbett declared earlier this year that Railtrack's latest network management statement "is really about Railtrack moving from being a boring old utility to being a high investment vehicle. That's a complete revolution for us, and it's very exciting."

The government chooses to believe guff like this instead of the raw facts about signals repeatedly passed at danger, broken rails and inadequate control of maintenance contractors. According to the department of transport press office, it did not put the underground plan on hold even after the rail regulator announced an investigation on 11 October into whether Railtrack had broken the safety terms of its licence.

● **THE folly of trying to pin the blame for accidents on the driver while the management gets away scot-free is demonstrated by a lesson which would have prevented the Paddington crash had it been learned after the Cowden collision in 1994.**

As the *Eye* pointed out in 1995 (Eye 879), a fatal flaw was introduced when the track near Cowden was redesigned in 1990. For decades "trap points" were placed wherever two lines merged, so that a dead-end track (sometimes ending in sand pits) would keep errant trains away from an adjacent line on which another train might have authorisation. As we noted in 1995: "Had they been installed at Ashurst, near Cowden, the driver who errantly drove into the path of an oncoming train would have realised his mistake on entering the dead-end siding and the head-on collision would have been avoided."

The rail companies and Health and Safety Executive successfully heaped the blame on the dead driver who had passed a red signal; this conveniently allowed them not to put right the other factors that contributed to the accident. Removal of trap points was started by British Rail to cut costs, but there has been no official move to reinstate them. By now this cheap and simple device would have prevented numerous accidents, including the Winsford and Paddington crashes this year. In the latter case, the Thames Turbo train would have come to a halt on its own separate track instead of lurching into the path of the oncoming express.

● **The latest example of Railtrack' reliability came after the Paddington crash, amid the clamour for the Automatic Train Protection (ATP) system that would have prevented all the recent major train crashes (probably including last week's near Lewes).**

In 1994, when the Tories abandoned their commitment to the system, full ATP was costed at £750m and by the time of the Paddington train crash it was widely established as costing £1bn. But two days after the accident, Railtrack suddenly remembered its guiding principle of doubling the number it first thought of... and announced that ATP would cost £2bn.

● **After the hassle involved in getting a road crane to the wreckage at Ladbroke Grove, one *Eye* reader asks: "What happened to all the breakdown cranes that British Rail used to have? They were always on alert and had the capacity to lift the vehicles involved in any rail crash."**

The answer was given four years ago in *Eye* 885, when we reported that Railtrack had cut the number of cranes on stand-by around the country from 13 to five: "Rail-borne cranes will now take longer to reach accidents, increasing the risk of death or serious injury to those trapped under tons of carriage. Railtrack says the change reflects a decline in rail accidents."

'Dr B. Ching'

JUST FANCY THAT!

Violent crime figures set to soar

The Times, October 11

Violent crime falling for first time in years

The Times, October 13

DOING THE ROUNDS

FRANK DOBSON's swift and unseemly departure from the department of health was not just, it seems, to stop Ken Livingstone becoming mayor of London.

Tony Blair's dream of unleashing a radical health agenda on the "dark forces of conservatism" (ie the British Medical Association) would not have sat well with Dobson's Old Labour beliefs. So enter Alan "Modernisation is here to stay" Milburn, whose recent stint as health minister lead to him being branded "anti-doctor" by Professor John Ward, vice-president of the Royal College of Physicians.

Dr Peter Hawker, chairman of the BMA's central consultants and specialists committee, even invited him to "stop attacking the profession and defend doctors' performance". Milburn took no notice; and now he's in charge he'll take on the medical profession in ways Margaret Thatcher wouldn't have dared. But is he prepared to take ultimate responsibility for the quality of care in the NHS?

As the Bristol heart inquiry nears its 70th day, chair Professor Ian Kennedy is growing impatient with the incessant buck-passing. "One of the features of our taking evidence is that no matter whom we have spoken to — whether it be a health authority, a trust, a royal college and now a department (of health) — they have always found someone else responsible."

His comments were in response to evidence of Sir Graham Hart, a permanent secretary at the DoH until 1997. In Sir Graham's view "ministers who are politicians should not be involved in the clinical treatment of patients"; and there was a "deeply rooted reserve" against the department becoming involved in monitoring clinical performance.

The reason of course is that they don't want to be sued. Although the department of health clearly identified Bristol as the worst performing child heart surgery unit from an audit carried out in 1988, it decided not to investigate and merely increased the unit's funding. Although this may have contributed to the later disaster, the DoH can only be charged with corporate responsibility if it can be seen to have a "controlling mind" over the service. And yet, in the three paediatric surgical disasters this column has covered, (heart, liver and cleft palate), the DoH has consistently refused to take control and deemed itself to be completely impotent without the agreement of the royal colleges, which any fool knows are deeply self-protective and serve their own interests first.

If Milburn tries to wrestle control away from the medical profession, he can be sure his civil servants will not be lining up behind him to accept it. Everyone knows the General Medical Council is a joke. An October Health Which survey found that, of a sample of 264 complainants to the GMC, 82 percent were dissatisfied with the fairness of the process, 79 percent were dissatisfied with the handling of the complaint and 77 percent were dissatisfied with the amount of support they were given. If the GMC was a private company, it would be in more shit than Marks & Spencer; and yet who wants to take on responsibility for regulating doctors, especially when most of our cock-ups are tied up with lack of training and resources? As Mr Milburn will soon find out, you get the health service you pay for and the doctors you deserve.

● **THE *Eye*'s exposure of the potential dangers of unregulated private ambulances (*Eyes* 984, 986) has led to some interesting responses from NHS ambulance drivers, all of whom are too frightened to be named.**

One says: "The basic driving training we get as NHS ambulance drivers is not compulsory and doesn't prepare us for 90 percent of the situations we find ourselves in. In my case, they forgot to give me any training and I had to take a two week advanced driving course two years after I'd started driving to emergencies... In nearly all the cases I have come across over the whole country, the private operators who have won contracts with the NHS are far better than the NHS operators... I was nearly killed by one of our county crews."

The British Ambulance Association confirms that reputable private operators often have far better safety records than NHS operators. "We've looked at Wings [the private ambulance company involved in the death of Kathryn Jones, *Eye* 984] and found that it's 900 percent safer than the local NHS ambulance service."

● **IN THE latest incident at Ashworth Mental Hospital on Merseyside, three nurses were sacked for giving a 61-year-old patient a t-shirt bearing the legend "Alcatraz Mental Patient", when the latter was taken on an outside shopping trip. Maybe they were sacked for letting the cat out of the bag: more and more Ashworth is resembling a harsh prison rather than a modern special hospital for the mentally ill.**

M.D.

"As far as I'm aware, Mrs Grey, there is no cure for happiness"

"Ah, Garçon – get lost!"

Down on the Farm

SINCE evidence given to the BSE inquiry now runs into millions of words, it may not be surprising the media have long since lost interest. But the handful of insomniacs who have tried to follow the convolutions of the hearing through its website may have observed how, over the months, a fascinating alternative scenario for the BSE disaster has gradually emerged, punching ever larger holes in the credibility of the government's chief advisers.

This began when evidence from tests carried out by Dr Stephen Whatley seemed to confirm that the trigger for the BSE epidemic might have been MAFF's own insistence that millions of dairy cows should be treated with abnormally high doses of OP chemicals, significantly weakening their immune system.

Then earlier this year came the shocking revelation of how widely in the late 1980s the pharmaceutical companies were "harvesting" brain and lymphoid tissue from dead cattle in slaughterhouses to manufacture human vaccines. These could well have come from cattle infected with BSE.

This has now led to a possibly even more disturbing revelation. Not only were the pharmaceutical companies scavenging for material to turn into vaccines. It has emerged in evidence from abattoir owners that they were also regularly collecting hormones from dead cattle to be injected into both other cattle and human beings. And although there is no definite evidence that vaccines could have spread the infection, there is, alas, plenty of evidence that the injection of infected hormones can cause human Creutzfeld Jakob Disease (CJD).

Furthermore the practice of injecting cows with hormones from other cattle was very widespread. If these hormones happened to come from BSE-infected animals, this could provide a much more plausible explanation for the wildfire spread of the epidemic than the use of infected cattle feed.

When this point was recently raised at the inquiry, it created as much of a moment of drama as Sir Donald Acheson's earlier squirming over vaccines. Interviewed over a video link, the distinguished American epidemiologist Professor Wayne Martin put precisely this question: was it possible that the decline in BSE after 1992 came from ending "the usage of bovine materials in pharmaceuticals"? Stunned silence. The only sound was that of the embarrassed shuffling of papers by the assembled official experts, led by MAFF's chief epidemiologist John Wilesmith.

Lord Phillips suggested: "I think Mr Wilesemith is the man really to turn to." The stammered response he eventually got was: "Obviously it is possible to go back to pharmaceutical companies to determine their use of bovine tissues." In other words, we don't know because we never looked into it. When Phillips pursued the question, by asking whether the cause of the epidemic might have been that "all cattle were injected with this particular product", Wilesmith was eventually forced to admit: "If that was the origin we have lost the trail." In other words, he couldn't rule out that hormones might have played a crucial part in the BSE epidemic; but it was all so long ago we may never know. It was a reply which should raise rather larger questions in the judge's mind than Mr Wilesmith was obviously competent to answer.

'Even Newer Muckspreader'

POLICE 5

THE last of the great West Midlands police torture cases has at last staggered to the Court of Appeal. As the *Eye* goes to press, the appeal of Keith Twitchell is being heard by Lord Justice Rose, and Messrs Justice Hooper and Jowitt.

Like other *Eye* readers, Lord Justice Rose will be well aware of the issues raised in the Twitchell case. He presided over a similar appeal in November 1996 by Derek Treadway, who claimed he had been forced to confess to crimes after various West Midlands police officers had tortured him by placing plastic bags over his head. Treadway's case was reinforced by a civil action he had taken against the West Midlands police which he won (with substantial damages) after his allegations were largely accepted by a high court judge. His appeal was duly allowed.

During the appeal, an officer named by Treadway, former detective constable John Brown, was ordered by the court to attend and provide an explanation for his alleged use of plastic bags during interrogations. When he failed to turn up, Brown was ordered to explain his defiance of the court. He did so in an affidavit, whose contents have never been revealed.

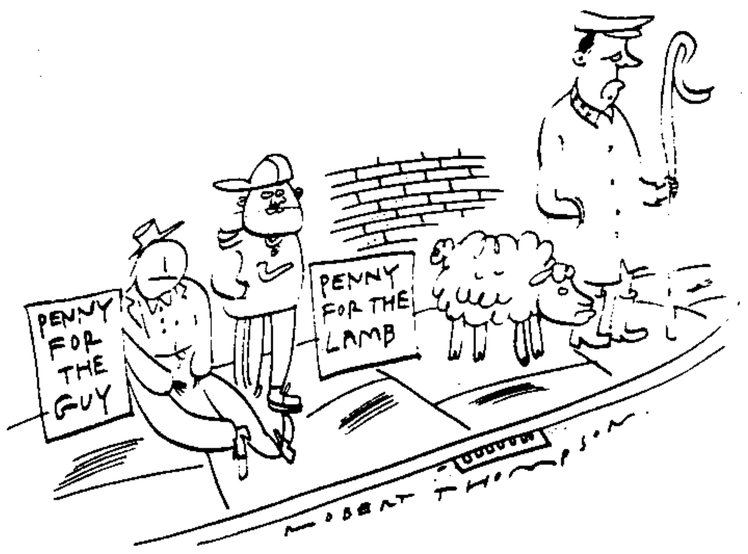
Keith Twitchell, who was convicted for robbery and manslaughter in 1981 by a majority verdict almost entirely on the basis of his confession, makes similar claims against similar police officers, including Brown and John Perkins, the late detective constable from Wolverhampton who masterminded the bogus confessions in the Carl Bridgewater case. Twitchell who vociferously denied any connection with the crimes he was charged with, served 14½ years in prison.

Whitebait Fishermen

Number crunching

£2 billion per year
Value of French exports to Britain

£20 million
Estimated cost of supermarket boycott of French goods (less than 1% of the total export trade with France)



Letters

That cover...

Sir,

I am writing to protest, most strongly, about today's cover of your magazine [Eye 987].

In my opinion, it is in extremely bad taste, neither "clever" nor "funny".

Did it ever occur to any of you how distressing it must be to all the people who have been involved in this terrible crash?

At the moment I do not feel inclined to purchase another of your magazines ever again.

In disgust,
DAPHNE EUSTACE (MRS),

Reigate, Surrey.

Sir,

Dead witty cover, what can we expect next? Perhaps something really side-splitting about the East Timor massacre.

NEIL BRENT,

Via e-mail.

Sir,

I have just received your Renewal Notice along with edition no. 987.

Eye is often in bad taste but this time you have really surpassed yourselves with the Railtrack disaster cover. I am so appalled that I have decided not to renew my subscription.

HARVEY TAYLOR,

Seaford, Sussex.

Sir,

The front-cover of number 987 was in revolting taste, but nowhere near as repellent as the sight and sound of Railtrack management queuing up all over the media to spin the Paddington tragedy into a blame-free act of God. I hope that you will run with this story as it develops, and nail these talentless clowns properly.

I shall be renewing my subscription.

Best wishes,
JOHN PEARCE,

Via e-mail.

Sir,

The front cover of Eye 987 eloquently highlights UK railway operators' and Railtrack's gross negligence of safety to increase profit, and clearly isn't a laugh at the expense of those killed or injured. Can I therefore expect reports of dwindling Eye readership in the next issue, with the reappearance of that unusual brand of reader who suddenly seems to get the wrong end of the stick, and sourly withdraws subscription to your organ forthwith, when the cover refers to emotionally unsettling home affairs?

Yours not-referring-to-Diana-ly,
DR RICHARD NAPIER,

Munich, Germany.

Sir,

Your last cover was tasteless, insensitive, and stooped to even previously unknown depths. Keep up the good work and extend my subscription for another ten years.

TIM BENSON,

Via e-mail.

My Degeneration...

Sir,

We apologise unreservedly to Peter Townshend for the absence of Celeb (Eye 987) and regret any distress caused. Its failure to appear was due to creative over-exuberance.

On completion of the strip we decided to add extra authenticity, by smashing up our equipment (drawing board and biro) and then setting fire to it. The artwork was, unfortunately, totally destroyed. This will not happen again.

CHARLES PEATTIE
AND MARK WARREN.

Holmes sweet Holmes

Sir,

Your report on UKIP was so riddled with errors I thought it was (meant as) a joke.

The UKIP rally was indeed "euphoric". It was the following (party business) day which had problems, although they were all settled by public debate and three votes which backed the leader Michael Holmes.

If anyone did not "have a brain in their heads" it was Holmes's opponents, not the "multi-millionaire" as you rightly describe him!

The national executive committee's narrow vote to oust Holmes was probably illegal (the definition of the 16th member of the committee being disputed!) At that meeting Holmes was forced into a mutual destruction pact. That pact, not surprisingly, was undone by the annual conference, after much debate.

It was the party secretary and his accomplices, not Michael Holmes, who went at dead of night on the day of their defeat and had the locks changed on the London office. It was only the next day that that situation was reversed and the office closed by the party leader and chairman.

"Backbiter" could hardly have got more wrong if he had asked John Major to write his column!

Yours faithfully,
RODNEY E.B. ATKINSON,

London N12.

Sir,

Re: Focus on UKIP. You've been stitched up this time! You've been sold a pup and printed a bigger load of twaddle than I've ever read in the Eye.

*What happened was that the members of UKIP learnt about a palace coup being prepared by an unrepresentative executive committee and were hopping mad at the idea that our elected leader was being made to resign. Members were not having this, told the NEC to p*** off by an enormous majority and refused to accept the leader's resignation by an equally enormous figure.*

*This was a wonderful example of democracy in action where the grass roots made it clear that **they** owned the party.*

Much of the rest of your piece is inaccurate too but just one example is enough. The party newsletter "Independence" has not been halted; I have a copy beside me as I write.

Come on, you can do better than that! You're usually on the side of the angels, not the other lot!

LAWRENCE DUTTSON,

London W4.

Sir,

It looks as if the extreme lengths we went to to attract attention at our conference paid off — with a 700-word report in the Eye.

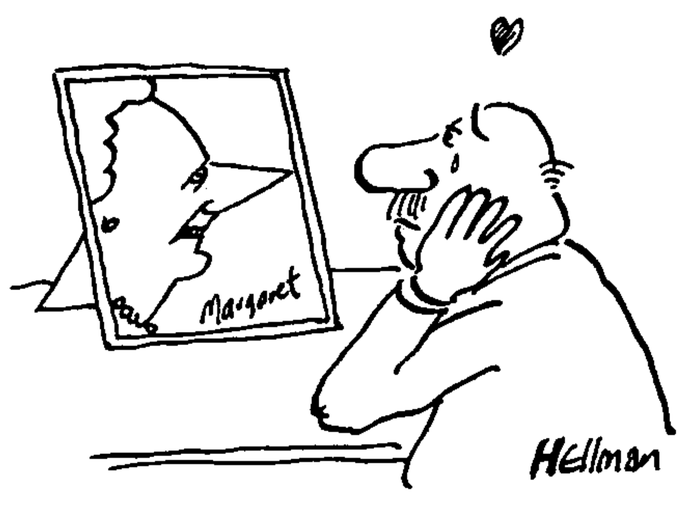
As the struggling actor said to the film critic: "Say what you like about me but for Chrissake spell the name right!"

Just in case dabbling in politics doesn't automatically qualify me for the title "hopeless prat", I guess that the three hairs I have left from a £2,000 hair transplant (in 1980) should guarantee it. "Sticks and stones etc..."

Yours sincerely,
GRAHAM BOOTH,

Member of UKIP's NEC.

GREY ARIAS



"Tory Adore"

LUVVIES

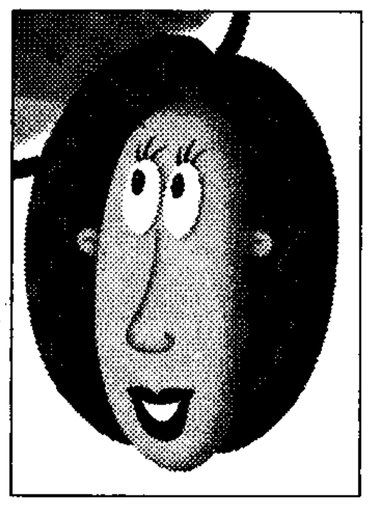
"I have at times felt like a grief mop as an actor. Not a grief mop for someone else's grief but a grief mop in that I have to scoop out and wipe down my own grief to put it on film."

NICOLAS CAGE
Salon magazine

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

Lookalike

Tesco girl



Beckett

Sir,

I wonder if any readers of your esteemed organ knows of family ties between Margaret Beckett, the gorgeous pouting leader of the House, and the bean-faced Tesco Personal Finance girl. I wonder if they are both dreaming of imminent retirement days on the beach. I think we should be told.

Yours aye,
ALICK WHITFIELD,

London SW10.

Rectoral probe

Sir,

Although Andrew Neill's election by students to the position of Rector of the University of St Andrews may come as a surprise to some, am I correct in thinking you have photographic evidence of his hands-on approach to garnering the support of overseas students?

Yours faithfully,
ROSS MACFARLANE,

London E1.

Fighting bull

Sir,

In your leader (if you can call it that) when you comment fairly on Britain's rail safety record, you mention "backward Spain". There is nothing backward about the Spanish railways, nor indeed about the country; we have the magnificent High Velocity Train (AVE) which runs from Madrid to Sevilla at speeds approaching 300 kms per hour, and has a 100 percent safety record in over 90,000 journeys.

During the last 30 years I have travelled all over the country by rail in comfort and with good food at reasonable prices and excellent service. My daughter lives in Norfolk and I visit her from time to time using the train from Kings Cross to Norwich. Show me a dirtier train this side of the Zambesi and I promise to eat my ticket on my next trip once the journey has ended. I know that filth is not related to safety, neither is the rotten food you can buy if you are starving on that line. But your remark about "backward Spain" is stupid and ignorant.

Asi, que jodete, y un fuerte abrazo,
MICHAEL HUBBLE,

Madrid.

Completely loco

Sir,

On page 6 of Eye 987 you quoted from O.S. Nock. Here's another quote from him:

"Shortly afterwards, the apparatus on the locomotive"... (which caused an alarm whistle to sound if a locomotive passed a red light)... "was modified so that it not only gave an audible danger signal but at the same time opened an air valve and so applied the automatic vacuum brake to the train unless or until it was released by the driver... it became... a positive system of train control."

He was writing in 1955 (Red for Danger) about events which occurred between 1910 and 1915. So in other words, what was perfectly technologically possible 80-odd years ago, we still can't do today!

ERIC HALL,

Belgium.

Crazy name, crazee guy

Sir,

I find it amusing to see that w/e 16 October 1999, the autobiography of the great Noddy Holder sold 40 more copies than the memoirs of the not-so-great Norman Lamont — ironically the title of Mr Hodder's book is "Who's Crazee Now"!

Kind regards,
SUSAN WAKEFIELD,

Petersfield, Hants.

"It's very nice of your husband to sit for our little group, Sandra"

I-SPY *Austria*

Submitted by Tom Harris. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Denser Mensa

Sir,

I can't be the first to note that the failure of the editorial staff of London Mensa News to notice the smug self satisfied call for eugenics on the grounds of intellect (based on which test/set of tests?) in D. Griffith's poem is the strongest argument against it. It is pleasing that they are publicly distancing themselves from Griffith's views, but I have to say: "What a bunch of thickies".

CONNOR,

Cardiff.

Lookalike

Stan

Mandy

Sir,

I realise Eye readers have already spotted at least one of Peter Mandelson's secret identities, but has the resemblance to Stan Laurel occurred to anyone? Reincarnation freaks may ponder. What was that line about "First time as farce the second as tragedy"? Or something like that.

Yours sincerely,
W.E. HARRISON,

Tyne and Wear.

Twice as nice: Rod and Caprice pair up

AGEING Rocker Rod Stewart, 54, is romantically involved with super-model Caprice, who at 27 is twice his age.

Evening Standard

Phil apology

Sir,

Your Media News piece (Eye 986) which took a swipe at Russell Davies for wrongly introducing a Gerry Mulligan track in an edition of Radio 3's "Jazz Century" was misdirected. To put the record straight, so to speak, the shameful error was not his but mine, as I was the producer of that edition. I must have dozed off at the wheel.

As this is not the first occasion when you have taken a tilt at Russell Davies, I wonder who your darkly obsessed "deep throat" is and what are his motives? I think we should be told.

As one of the series' two producers I think Russell Davies's history of jazz so far is a magnificent personal achievement for its lucidity and intelligence.

Yours,
PHIL SPEIGHT,

Modbury, Devon.

Poison pen

Sir,

Sodium cyanide is certainly highly toxic and capable of causing an agonising death if ingested, but the fear of clouds of gaseous sodium cyanide is misplaced. The compound is a high melting solid that produces the poisonous gas hydrogen cyanide (or hydrocyanic acid) when it is mixed with aqueous acid, as might be found in the stomach. A cloud of hydrogen cyanide is conceivable and very frightening though. Perhaps you arty and humanities chaps need a scientist as a fact-checker.

DR BARRY COPE,

Via e-mail.

Still barking

Sir,

Man lost his dog, put an ad in the paper and said "Here boy!"

Yours faithfully,
SPIKE MILLIGAN,

Rye, E. Sussex.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"It's understandable that people are keeping one eye on the pot and another up the chimney."
KEVIN KEEGAN, Radio 5
(Anon.)

"Guppy has a dextrous left foot."
BOBBY ROBSON, Sky Sports 2
(Dave Spagnol)

"Britain is a tribal society of individuals..."
JANET STREET-PORTER, BBC2
(Ben Matthew)

"A lot of these guys have waited a life-time not to win this."
DAVID CAMPESE, ITV
(Jonathan Izzard)

"Michael Owen, he's got the legs of a salmon."
Commentator, Sky TV
(Rob Shaw)

HOM SAP

AUSTIN

THIS NEW DRUG WILL MAKE ME ATTRACTIVE TO WOMEN.
H.S. PHARMACEUTICALS.
WILL IT MAKE YOU BETTER LOOKING?
HS PHARMACEUTICALS
NO BUT IT WILL MAKE ME RICH.
HS PHARMACEUTICALS

Letter From Pakistan

from Our Own Correspondent

WHILE your naughty ginger-bearded adulterer of a foreign secretary has suspended us from the Commonwealth (perhaps China should now join since Hong Kong is an ex-colony), our own bearded ones too have been very angry.

For more than 15 years now they have been patiently infiltrating the army, hoping that the next military dictator would be one of them and impose Taliban-style Islamic rule from above. Instead our ex-prime minister Nawaz Sharif, the corrupt businessman, tried to steal a march by appointing General Ziaudin as the new army chief.

Ziaudin, now in prison, was the paymaster of the bearded loonies running riot in Afghanistan and sympathetic to some of the hardline fundamentalist groups whom he had been arming. The secular wing of the army was not prepared to tolerate this promotion. So it backed Gen Musharraf's coup – the fourth in the country's history but the first not to be planned, organised and carried out by spooks in the United States.

The politicians had become thoroughly discredited. First Benazir Bhutto appointed her husband Asif Zardari as the "Minister for Investment" and the couple, with their cronies, began to milk the country dry. The Bhutto/Zardari accounts in safe havens abroad are in the region of a billion dollars.

Bhutto's failure to do anything substantial for the poor who had voted her into office resulted in mass disillusion. She was removed from office for corruption and in the subsequent elections her old rival Sharif won a large majority on the basis of a very low turnout (under 30 percent). Bhutto's supporters stayed at home.

Nawaz Sharif made his brother Shahbaz the chief minister of the Punjab. His father became the unofficial president of Pakistan and was involved in negotiations with a disaffected army. It was old man Sharif who advised his sons that generals, not being angels from heaven, could be bought and sold in the marketplace. His sons attempted to do so and succeeded in one or two well-known cases.

The Sharif family came to prominence during the military dictatorship of the late General Zia ul Haq (1977-89). Nawaz was a protégé of General Zia, who liked to create politicians as long as he was sure they were short of brain cells and would do his bidding.

The barely concealed attempt to inject largescale corruption angered the non-corrupt section of army high command and they began to plot. Two days before the coup, Bill Clinton warned the uniforms not to do anything too drastic, but this injunction was ignored.

The latest coup is undoubtedly popular. General Musharraf's spin-doctors advised him to pose as a dog lover and not call himself Chief Martial Law Administrator, the traditional title of dictators in our country. Instead he took on a "third way rank", describing himself modestly as the chief executive of Pakistan and is looking for civilians to appoint to the new government.

Sycophants of every hue are assembling in Islamabad to present their credentials as loyal time-servers, but our chief exec is too busy to see them at the moment. He is busy inspecting CVs of incorruptible techno-bureaucrats. Since their numbers in Pakistan are in short supply, the net has been extended to the numerous Pakistanis working for the IMF and World Bank.

Meanwhile our bearded ones are beginning to foam a bit. They are livid with the chief executive for parading his liberal credentials by permitting his unveiled wife and daughter to be seen on satanic television networks (a reference to CNN and BBC World). The big test for the army is whether or not they can disarm the competing factions of fundamentalists who are literally killing each other in the name of the same religion. If they fail, Pakistan could begin to disintegrate very rapidly. Even if Washington remains benign, India and China are unlikely to tolerate a Taliban finger on the nuclear trigger.

FUNNY OLD WORLD

COMPILED BY **VICTOR LEWIS-SMITH**

● "Reinaldo Silvestre is not a plastic surgeon," Captain Charles Press of the Miami Beach police told reporters. "He's a butcher with no medical training. In fact, he's not even much of a butcher, and he and his two accomplices are wanted in the state of Florida, on charges of fraud, practising medicine without a licence, and aggravated battery.

"The breast implant operation he carried out on Mileidi Pilmienta was a disaster. Her left breast is now double the size of her right one, the nipple is way off-centre, and he forgot to attach the implant to anything, so it's free-floating. Her modelling career is ruined, and she has no funds to go to a real surgeon, because she paid $5,000 to Silvestre. She's obviously very distraught, but when she complained to Silvestre, he just blamed the problems on her 'high blood pressure and latent constipation' and vanished.

"His alleged anaesthetist uses ketamine, which is an animal tranquilliser, also known by the street name 'Special K.' We've seized a videotape Silvestre made of his pectoral implant operation on the bodybuilder Alexander Baez, who was Mr Mexico 1975, and it was obviously the first time he'd ever done it. The ketamine had no effect, and Baez kept waking up during the operation, obviously in pain, but they just put a blindfold on him and pushed him down again. They fitted him with female breast implants, not male pectorals, and you can see Silvestre jamming them into Baez's chest with his fingers. I've been a police officer for almost twenty-five years, and even I was repulsed. We'd arrest him if we could find him, but we can't. But I hope this information will encourage other victims to come forward, and help us locate him." *(APB, 7/10/99. Spotter: Carl Smith)*

— ● —

● "Urine damage has become a major problem on Hercules aircraft," a spokesman for the Canadian Air Force explained to reporters in Edmonton. "The primary source of corrosion has been attributed to the current urinal installation and the 'splash-over' of urea acid. Urine is especially corrosive to aluminium, and can weaken support structures such as longerons, beams that run the length of the cargo hold. The air force has had to replace about four longerons a year because of the problem, at a cost of more than $6-million over the past decade.

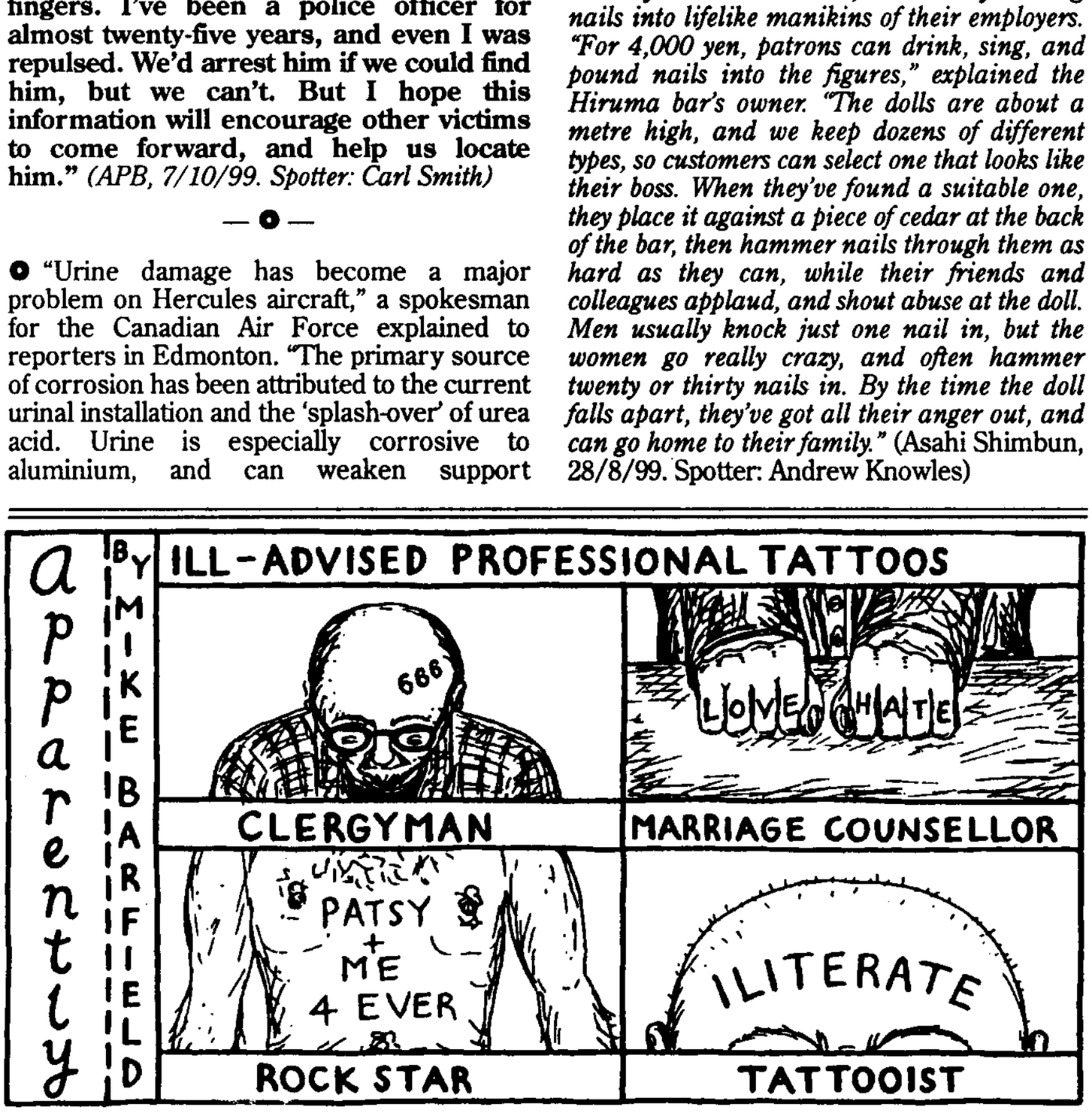
"The problem affects 23 of the 32 aircraft in the fleet. Newer Hercules are equipped with self-contained toilets that prevent any spillage from seeping onto the fuselage, but the older type only have primitive bucket toilets at the back of the plane, and that's the difficulty. The aircraft are subject to buffeting in flight, and that causes crew members to miss the target. Upgraded splash-proof toilets for all 23 planes would cost about $1 million in parts, spares, and labour, but installing them may be the cheaper long-term option." *(Toronto Globe and Mail, 3/9/99. Spotter P. Marston)*

— ● —

● *"I feel much better now that I've vented the anger that I've bottled up against my boss" financial trader Sanae Ochi told a reporter from Japan's Asahi Shimbun newspaper. "During the day, I have to keep silent and obey my superior, but after work I can come in here, have a drink, hammer some nails into a doll's head and shout 'you screw pigs so go to hell you scum bastard' at it, and then go home."*

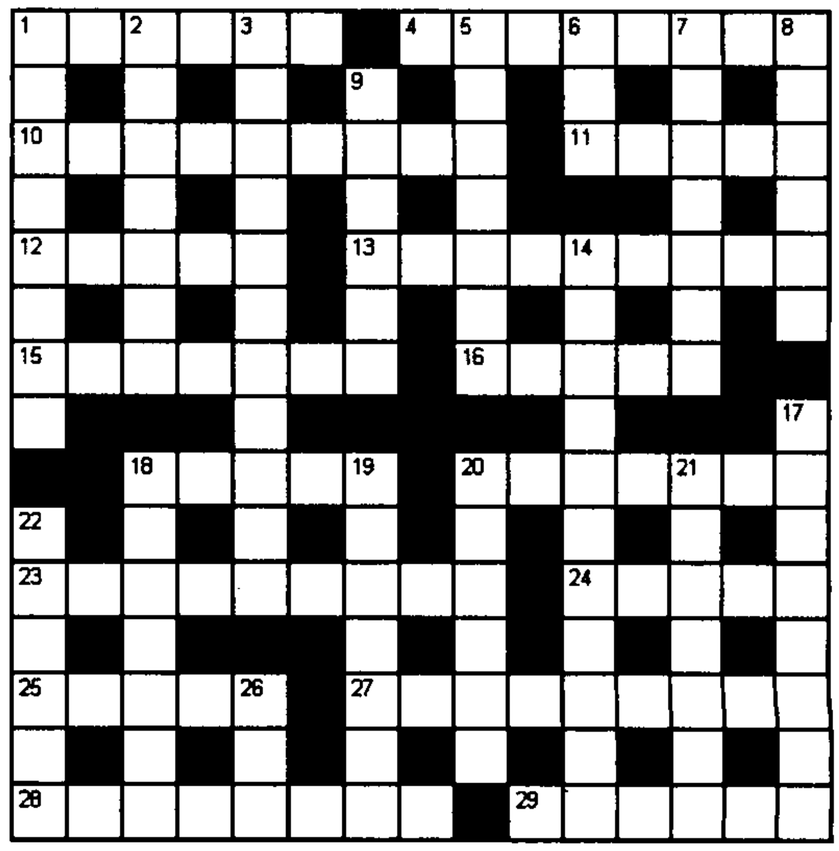
Over the past year, stressed-out office workers have been flocking to the Hiruma bar

in Tokyo's Ginza district, to relax by driving nails into lifelike manikins of their employers. "For 4,000 yen, patrons can drink, sing, and pound nails into the figures," explained the Hiruma bar's owner. "The dolls are about a metre high, and we keep dozens of different types, so customers can select one that looks like their boss. When they've found a suitable one, they place it against a piece of cedar at the back of the bar, then hammer nails through them as hard as they can, while their friends and colleagues applaud, and shout abuse at the doll. Men usually knock just one nail in, but the women go really crazy, and often hammer twenty or thirty nails in. By the time the doll falls apart, they've got all their anger out, and can go home to their family." (Asahi Shimbun, 28/8/99. Spotter: Andrew Knowles)



EYE CROSSWORD 143

by Cyclops *£100 prize*



ACROSS

1 Interest by politician in Murdoch venture is most revealing (6)
4 Jacobite, for instance, getting an erection (8)
10 Fashionable article on rugby player, as seen in the *Eye* (2,3,4)
11 Some editorial (Tara's) on which blood is spilled? (5)
12 Places you used to visit, topless, for relations (5)
13 Swampy, note, has carpets of grass and the like (4,5)
15 Look flipping ill – don't touch me! (4,3)
16 Ollie's way (5)
18 Flutter and shake next to Brenda (5)
20/25 Easily-cracked nuts might make you divine (7,5)
23 Hack's back, doing a Lord Lucan and exposing a lie (9)
24 A national air display attended by Queen and Cyclops (5)
25 (see 20 ac.)
27 He's in order making love to sweep chappie (9)
28 Lamb sales poor: having lost 50 yen, it's hopeless (8)
29 Terrible curse surrounds old Robinson (6)

DOWN

1 Tiger den country? (3,5)
2 Where camp types are found, by the sound of it, being highly strung (7)
3 Rag man reportedly looks over male member (5,6)
5 Mock bonk goes on a good time (4,3)
6 Somewhat undesirable organisation (3)
7 Really stupid nit with religious book (2,5)
8 Tasteless tabloid on the up gets one shut up (6)
9 Sam's bust providing a huge erection (6)
14 Underhand – has something that will shift the sod Murdoch! (5,6)
17 Union calls for head to get out of amorous carrying-on (8)
18 Shakes as a result of unexpected BSE blow (7)
19 Falling down after sport, one has gumption (7)
20 Is able to walk arse over tip after cold drink (6)
21 Sumatra's dispossessed distressed states (7)
22 OK for a consumer journalist spewing bile (6)
26 Just look at granny's former occupation! (3)

£100 prize to first solution opened on 5.11.99. Entries to 'Crossword', Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 142

Winner: D. KINGSLAND

ACROSS: 1 Lawyers 5 Rejoice 9/10 In the public eye 10 (see 9) 11 Ogres 12 Fetishist 13 Flaccid 15 Partner 17 Swearer 19 In power 21 Voyeurism 23 Buffo 24/4 Get stuffed 25 Canary Wharf 26 Suspend 27 Lurcher.

DOWN: 1 Laid off 2 Watergate 3 Ewers 4 (see 24) 5 Roll-top 6 Jockstrap 7 Iceni 8 Elector 14 Carbuncle 16 Newsflash 17 Savages 18 Reigned 19 Immoral 20 Root for 22 Yetis 23 Bower.

ST ALBION PARISH NEWS

Incumbent: Rev. A.R.P. Blair MA (Oxon)

Hullo!

The year is changing. And what a positive thing that is!

Even nature realises that we've all got to move on. I mean, there may be some leaves that want to stay on the tree. But even the oldest, brownest and most shrivelled-up leaf must eventually be blown off in the winds of change. (Mr Benn will know who I am talking about!)

Everywhere we look, we find the same sad evidence of resistance to change, by people who don't realise that it's nature's way (the third way!).

In our schools, in our hospitals, and even in the church itself, there are those who want to keep things as they are.

They are scared of change. But are the trees scared of change? Are the birds scared of change, when they fly off in the winter to find better living standards for themselves and their families?

Do the squirrels complain that it is not summer any more, as they store up prudent stocks of nuts for the winter?

No! All God's creatures agree with me that change is nature's way to make things better.

We've all recently been watching those dinosaurs on the television.

And what a message they send to us all today, 893 million years later!

You have to change! Or sooner or later you will become extinct!

So, I've written a little chorus for all you teachersauruses and doctor-sauruses:

"Change, change, change,
And here's the reason why.
'Cos if you don't keep changing,
Like the dinosaurs, you'll die!"

(Words and music by A.R.P. Blair)

Let's try this at our joint-benefice evensong on Sunday, shall we?

Your friend,

Tony

PS. Talking of change, I was stopped by a young man by the cashpoint in the High Street the other day, asking me "Have you got any change, Vicar?" "You bet," I said, "but I'm not giving you any. I'm talking about real change, change to bring about a better world. That's the only change you're going to get out of me!" And do you know, he went away looking very impressed!

Notices

There will be a special half-day session on the Internet in the Parish Hall on Friday afternoon which the vicar will be attending personally. He suggests that all parishoners do the same. "This is the future," he says. "This is the Information Super-Third-Way!"

VOTING SLIP FOR THE ELECTION OF LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

The Vicar has decided that it should be up to you, the parishioners, to decide who gets the important role of Mayor of London in the St Albion's pantomime. So, please just fill in the form below and indicate who you want. This is a democratic parish, so let's not hear any more nonsense about the Vicar trying to fix things.

Simply tick the appropriate box.

❒ Yes, I want nice Mr Dobson to be Mayor.

❒ No, I don't want Mr Livingstone under any circumstances.

Bad Manners To An Honoured Guest

The Vicar writes:

I would like to put on record my extreme displeasure at the behaviour of those who tried to interrupt our visiting preacher, Mr Zemin, of the Chinese Atheists Society. It was the height of bad manners to shout silly slogans and wave flags while our distinguished visitor was being shown round the parish. We are all very concerned about China's problems, but there is a time and a place to discuss these things, and it is not when he is here as our guest. I am glad to say that the culprits have been identified and arrested. T.B.

● *The latest in Mr Cook's Modern Ethics series entitled 'Pinochet – why we must stand up to murderous dictators' has been postponed out of courtesy to Mr Zemin and has been rescheduled to take place after Mr Zemin has left the country.*

That's what I call good manners, Robin! Thanks! T.B.

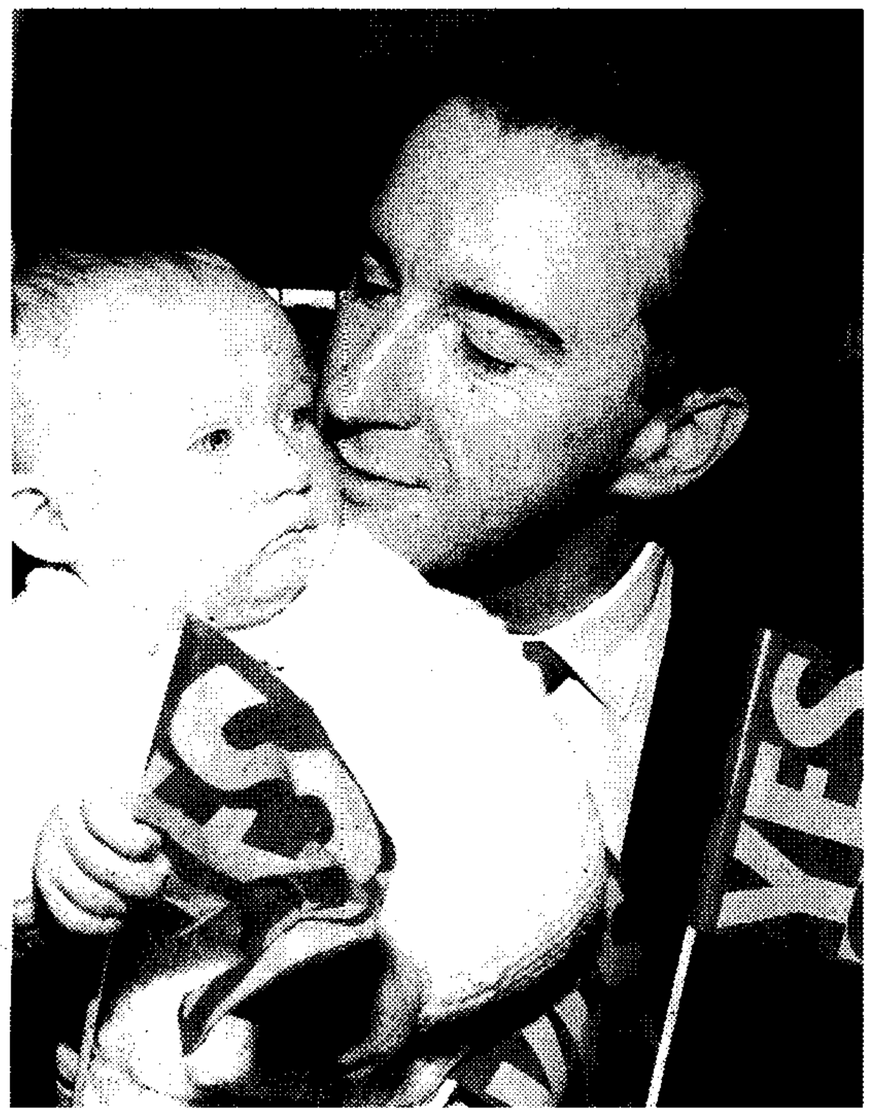
PARABLES FOR THE NEW MILLENNIUM

The Prodigal Friend

There was once a very good man who had two friends, one called Peter and the other Geoffrey. And Peter got into a bit of trouble, living beyond his means in the fleshpots of Notting Hill. And Geoffrey helped Peter in his spendthrift ways by giving him an enormous cheque for a million talents (roughly £373,000 in today's money). And the good, wise and saintly man was furious that his friends were caught out borrowing and lending money in this wise, and he cast them both into outer darkness.

And for ten months Peter and Geoffrey lived in the wilderness. But one day Peter reappeared and said to his friend, "Tony, I am a changed man. I have paid back to Geoffrey all the money which he lent me, even every penny. And I am proud to say that I have become very humble. Now can I have my job back?" And his friend was overjoyed at the return of the prodigal, and welcomed him with open arms.

But then his other friend Geoffrey reappeared, saying "Can I have my job back also? For I have also lent money to you." But the wise, great and saintly man said unto him, "I have no idea what you are talking about. If you repeat any of it in public, you will be arrested."



THIS is the shock picture that has the government running scared. You will never see this picture if Mr Blair has his way.

It clearly shows the newly-appointed Northern Ireland supremo in the company of a young friend.

We print this picture solely in the interests of getting readers. *(Surely "national security"? Ed.)*

You must decide whether we were justified.

DAILY MAIL

French Feed British Tourists To Cattle

by Our Diplomatic Staff **MADDIE TUPP**

IN AN extraordinary new development in the so-called Beef War, the Mail has learned that most French cattle are actually fed the remains of British holiday-makers who have mysteriously disappeared whilst taking a short continental break.

Said one witness who did not wish to be named (because he is the editor of the Daily Mail), "This is just the sort of thing you would expect the French to do. I would imagine that one minute the English family were sitting in a café having an agreeable glass of vin rouge and the next they were travelling down the second stomach of a French cow."

The Mail Says:

Don't Buy The Following French Goods!

- **French onions**
- **French lettuce**
- **French letters**
- **French and Saunders.**

AIR DIET EXPERT IS 'BOGUS' SHOCK

by Our Scientific Staff **Emma Fraud**

A BREATHARIAN expert who claimed that you could live on hot air alone has been exposed by scientists as a fraud.

The 47-year-old man (a Mr T. Blair from North London) has published a controversial book and made numerous television programmes claiming that "hot air" is all you need to live a healthy and happy life.

He told researchers, "It is quite possible to live on nothing but the hot air that I breathe out."

HOT BLAIR

But when it came to the test, the spin doctors discovered that the man collapsed after just a few seconds and had to be revived with a plate of guacamole and a glass of Chardonnay.

Jasmuhin is 2 stone.

GLENDA SLAGG

Fleet Street's Trick And Treat Rolled Into One!

EDWARD Wessex – what a wimp!! A-whingein' and a-cringein' just because no one likes him and his new missus (the Countess of Wessex to you, Mr Ignorant)!?!? What d'you expect Eddie the Bald Eagle when you and soft-sell Sophie are busy a-cashin' in and a-stashin' up!?! Geddit!?!?! Why doncha clear off to somewhere where you won't be seen – like one of your TV programmes!!?! (Geddit?!?!)

HATS OFF to the Earl of Wessex – or Wessexy as I call him!?!? Just because Edward's earning an honest bob or two instead of a-scroungin' and a-loungin' off the taxpayer, the media clever dicks are giving him and his bridal beauty a kicking!?! Honestly!!!

I say leave TV's top documentary maker alone – and the same goes for sizzlin' Sophie, Royalty's answer to Anthea Turner!?!?!

ANTHEA TURNER – what a slapper!! Flaunting her knickers in public?!?! Who do you think you are – Tracey Emin!?!

TRACEY EMIN – what a disgrace!?!? Exhibiting your dirty knickers and soiled sheets in public!?

My bed's looked like that for years, but I've never charged admission!?!? Hats off (and shirts) to the plucky Chinese art-lovers who did their own performance on Tracey's Bed!?? That's what I call a dirty protest???!!!

TALKING of protests, three cheers for Bonnie Prince Charlie who had the guts to tell the Chinese where they could put their 24-course banquet by staying at home with cuddly Camilla.

Alright, so he went to another Chinese banquet the night before – what's wrong with that? Chazza may be a bit of a wimp, but at least he's not as pathetic as Prince Edward?!?!!

PRINCE EDWARD – what a wimp!?!?! *(You're fired. Ed.)*

Veronica Lake

Here they are – Glenda's Halloween Love Pumpkins! (Geddit??)

● **GEOFFREY ROBINSON!?!** I've got some dirty pictures I could show you, Mr New Statesman!?!

● **MICHAEL DOUGLAS!!?!** OK, so you're very, very old, but can we get married, so I can divorce you for $45 million?? Pleazzze!!?!!

● **THE ENTIRE NEW ZEALAND PACK!?** Mmmm!? Scrum-ptious?!?! Geddit!!! Go on, let me have a try!!?!

Byeeee!?!

"If anyone accuses me of writing your books, I'll sue"

HATHAWAY WROTE SHAKESPEARE'S BOOKS

by **Mrs Dick Francis**

IN AN astonishing bid to sell copies of his book, biographer Graham Lord today claimed that Shakespeare's plays were in fact largely the work of his wife, Ann Hathaway.

Says Lord, "William Shake-speare had very little formal education and was far too thick to have written any of his plays, such as Merry Wives of Windsor Racecourse.

"But my researchers have shown that his wife Ann Hath-away took a secretarial course at Stratford technical college and *(cont'd. p. 94)*

Late News

Mrs Lord wrote whole book, claims former jockey.

"...and I rode all his winners"

IN THE COURTS

Fayed v. Regina
Day 94

Before Mr Justice Cocklecarrot

An appeal against the refusal of the Home Secretary to grant a passport to a distinguished foreign businessman.

Michael Ballsoff Q.C.: M'Lud, I am appearing for the money.

Cocklecarrot: Surely, Mr Ballsache, that cannot be right.

Ballsoff: I am indebted to you, M'Lud. I am appearing for the plaintiff.

Fayed: Get it fuggin' right, you stupid fugger. That's what I pay you for.

Cocklecarrot: Please continue, Mr Ballsup.

Ballsup: M'Lud, you see before you a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. I am referring to my unhappy client, Mr Fugger.

Fayed: It's Al-Fugger, you stupid fugger.

Ballsup: My Lord, my client is a man who has been most grievously wronged. At a time when he was still in mourning for the tragic death of his son…

Cocklecarrot: Is this in any way relevant to the issue of the passport, Mr Ballsup?

Ballsup: Of course not, M'Lud.

Cocklecarrot: Just checking!

(Laughter)

Ballsup: My Lord, if you are good enough to turn to Bundle B, you will find that my client has made regular payments to Conservative MPs.

Cocklecarrot: Can that be right, Mr Bollockoff?

Ballsitup: I mean, of course, regular payments to the Inland Revenue, M'Lud. I am indebted to you.

Cocklecarrot: As indeed are the Tory MPs!

(More laughter)

Fayed: I told you it wouldn't fuggin' work. Give him the fuggin' money.

(Usher hands brown envelope to judge)

Ballsoff: Can I refer to the bundle of notes which Your Lordship might like to consider in the privacy of his own safe?

Cocklecarrot: I think I've heard enough of this rubbish. Nut-case dismissed! Geddit?!

(Court dissolves in gales of sycophantic laughter)

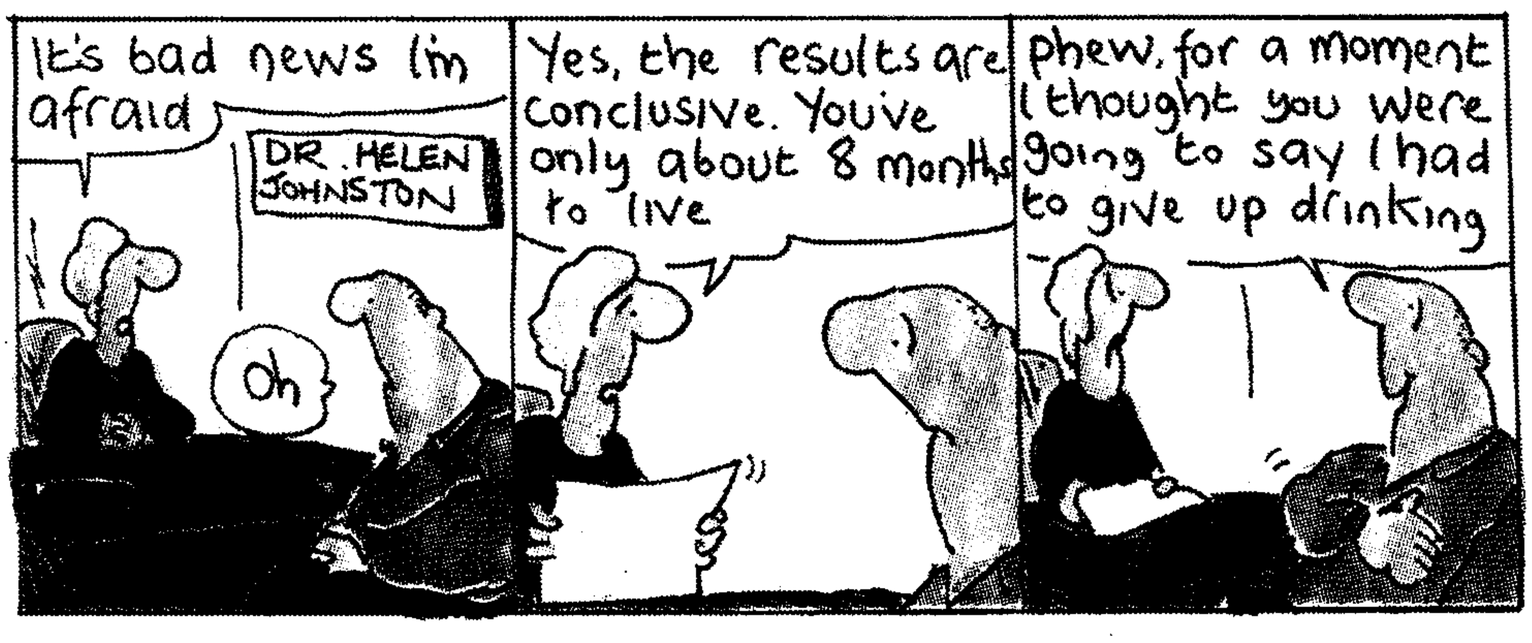
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?

Police would very much like to know the whereabouts of this man in relation to a series of deceptions carried out recently in the Bournemouth area which resulted in the disappearance of a large number of bobbies on the beat.

They warn that if he remains at large he could threaten the public's safety. If you see him, inform a policeman immediately – if you can find one.

If you can't find a policeman, then just shout "Free Tibet!" loudly and three hundred will immediately appear and beat you up.

HUSBAND


It's bad news I'm afraid
DR. HELEN JOHNSTON
Oh
Yes, the results are conclusive. You've only about 8 months to live
phew, for a moment I thought you were going to say I had to give up drinking

ABOVE: Staff nurse Rachel Jane Wood, from Darlington, married genealogist Michael Andrew Towers, from York, at Holy Trinity Church, Darlington. A reception at Redworth Hall followed the ceremony. Picture: Studio 81

Darlington Advertiser

From the best-selling author of* Born To Be Queen, Heir of Sorrows *and* La Dame Aux Camillas, *now comes the greatest love story of them all.

Never Too Old...

by Dame Sylvie Krin

THE STORY SO FAR: Multi-media tycoon Rupert Murdoch and his lovely young bride Wendy are playing host to the President of China at an exhibition of priceless Oriental antiquities.

Now read on...

THE FABLED Great Hall of the British Museum had never seen anything like it. On every side the glass cases were piled high with the exquisite masterpieces of the world's oldest civilisation.

Here at the entrance stood the Golden Dragon of Feng Shui, with its emerald eyes, which had once stood guard at the Summer Palace of the Dung Emperors.

There, facing it, a life-size terracotta warrior, from the 8th Century tomb of the Dowager Widow Twan-ki.

"I hope this pile of junk impresses our friend Fu Manchu," whispered the global entrepreneur into the delicate porcelain ear of his young wife, "'cos it certainly bores the shit out of me."

"Be quiet, Rupert, your guests are here."

As she spoke, a fanfare of trumpets heralded the arrival of President Zemin, followed at a respectful four paces by the Queen of England with her husband and a huge crowd of dignitaries.

"What the hell's she doing here?" the ageing republican hissed angrily. "I didn't give her an invite."

"Shut up, Rupert, she's the head of state."

"Not for long, if my newspapers have anything to do with it."

He was interrupted by an equerry tapping him on the shoulder. "Your Majesty, may I introduce Mr Murdoch, who has very kindly sponsored this exhibition?"

"Murdoch?" smiled the Queen, extending a gloved hand. "I hope you're nothing to do with that ghastly Australian man who owns the dirty little newspapers that my late daughter-in-law used to be so keen on?"

"At your service, ma'am," breathed the proprietor of the Sun and the News of the World. "It's a fair cop."

Before their polite badinage could develop further, the imposing figure of the Chinese head of state and First Secretary of the Communist Party loomed over them, his face contorted with rage.

"Imperialist lobbers," he shouted at the bewildered monarch, waving an arm at the exhibits. "Evelything rooted flom Chinese people."

"That's enough from you, slitty-eyes," interposed the Queen's consort, "any more of this nonsense and we'll take back Hong Kong."

A delicate frown creased the cherry blossom visage of the nubile young goddess from the land of egg-fried rice.

This was not how their great evening was meant to go at all. It was terrible...

"IT WAS terrible," said Sir Gavin Sewell, the neatly-bearded Curator of the Museum's Oriental Department, as the party stood in front of a priceless silk screen dating back to the early years of the Ping Pong Dynasty.

"Here, Your Excellency – and not forgetting Your Majesty, we can see the ancient story of the elderly merchant who made the foolish mistake of marrying a beautiful young bride, whom he had found working in one of his rice fields."

With an elegantly manicured finger he pointed to the middle panel of the screen.

"The old man was so besotted by her that he did everything she asked. Little did he know that he would be so exhausted by her constant amorous demands that he would end up dying a premature death, leaving her the richest woman in China."

A ripple of appreciative laughter ran round his distinguished audience.

"What a plonker falling for that one," commented the Duke of Edinburg rather too loudly, "must be all that rice they eat."

There was one member of the party, however, who for some reason had not found the old Chinese legend so amusing.

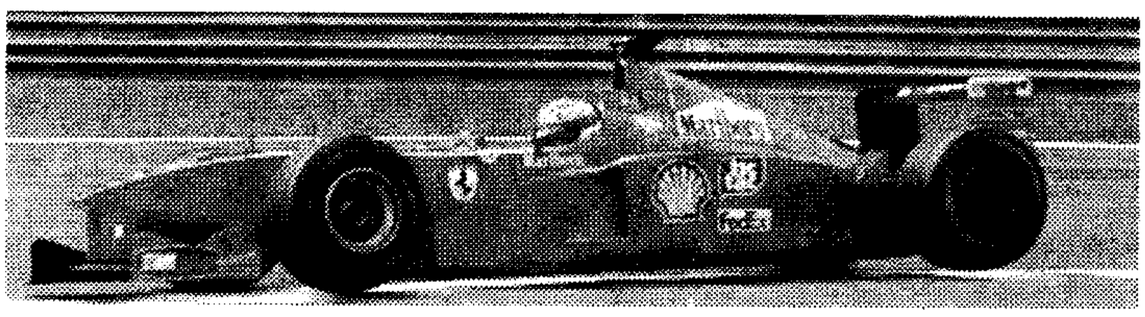
As the Royal party moved off, Rupert remained staring thoughtfully at the picture of the old merchant on his death bed, as his young wife counted out piles of gold in the background.

What was it that disturbed him, marring what was to have been his special day...?

To be continued

Roy of the Fuggers
FUGHAM F.C. HAVE HAD AN UNBROKEN RUN OF SUCCESS WHEN THINGS SUDDENLY GO WRONG...
IT'S TERRIBLE BOSS, WE WERE DOING SO WELL
I KNOW
I DON'T KNOW HOW WE LOST
DON'T TELL ME
STILL, IT'S ONLY A GAME...
YOU'RE GOING TO GET YOUR FUGGIN APPEAL TURNED DOWN
NO IT ISN'T- IT'S A FUGGIN PASSPORT!

"Good God, it's like the Turner Prize in here!"



TITLE FAVOURITE DISQUALIFIED ON TECHNICALITY

by Our Race Correspondent
Lord Eddie Irvine

THE MAN they call the fastest politician in the world, who has dazzled crowds this season with his amazing all-red vehicle, was sensationally told last night that he was "out of the race for good".

GRAND PRICKS

Top officials have stripped "Fast" Kenny Livingstone of the title he was destined to win, claiming that he had an unfair advantage over other contestants, ie he wasn't an idiot.

"Kenny's machine is far too sophisticated," said senior scrutineer Mr Tony Blair, "and it is too big and too powerful to compete fairly."

ELECTORAL FORMULA ONE

"For that reason, I am handing the title 'Mayor of London 2000' to Frank Dobson, who may be unpopular, but at least he complies with the rules and drives slowly in the middle of the road."

When told that Ken Livingstone was appealing, Mr Blair said, "That's the whole bloody problem."

Late News

Livingstone wins appeal and takes title. "It's a fix" says Blair "and not by me." *(Reuters)*

EXCLUSIVE TO ALL NEWSPAPERS

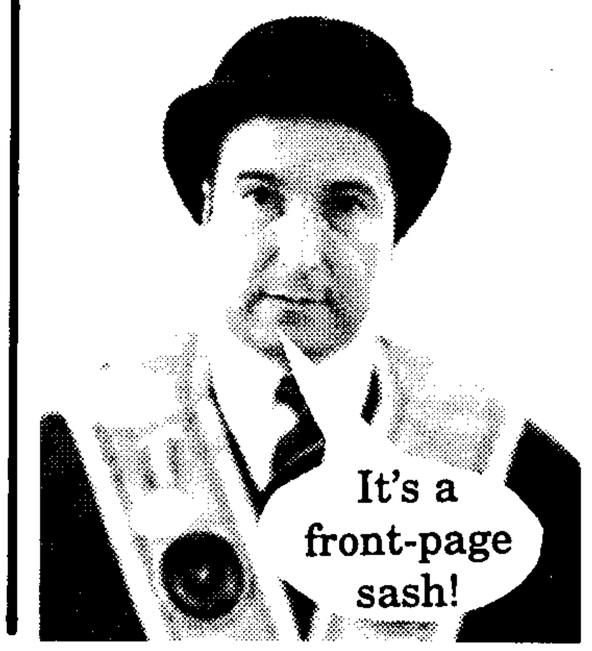
SOMEONE IN THE MEDIA HURT IN INDONESIA

by **Our Entire Staff**

A JOURNALIST was sensationally injured yesterday whilst covering some story or other abroad. *(Full story & pix page 2.)*

ON OTHER PAGES
Hundreds die in riots

MARCH OF THE APPRENTICE PAPERBOY II



"It addresses the anguish of being human"

POETRY CORNER

In Memoriam L!ve TV

So. Farewell
Then
L!ve TV.

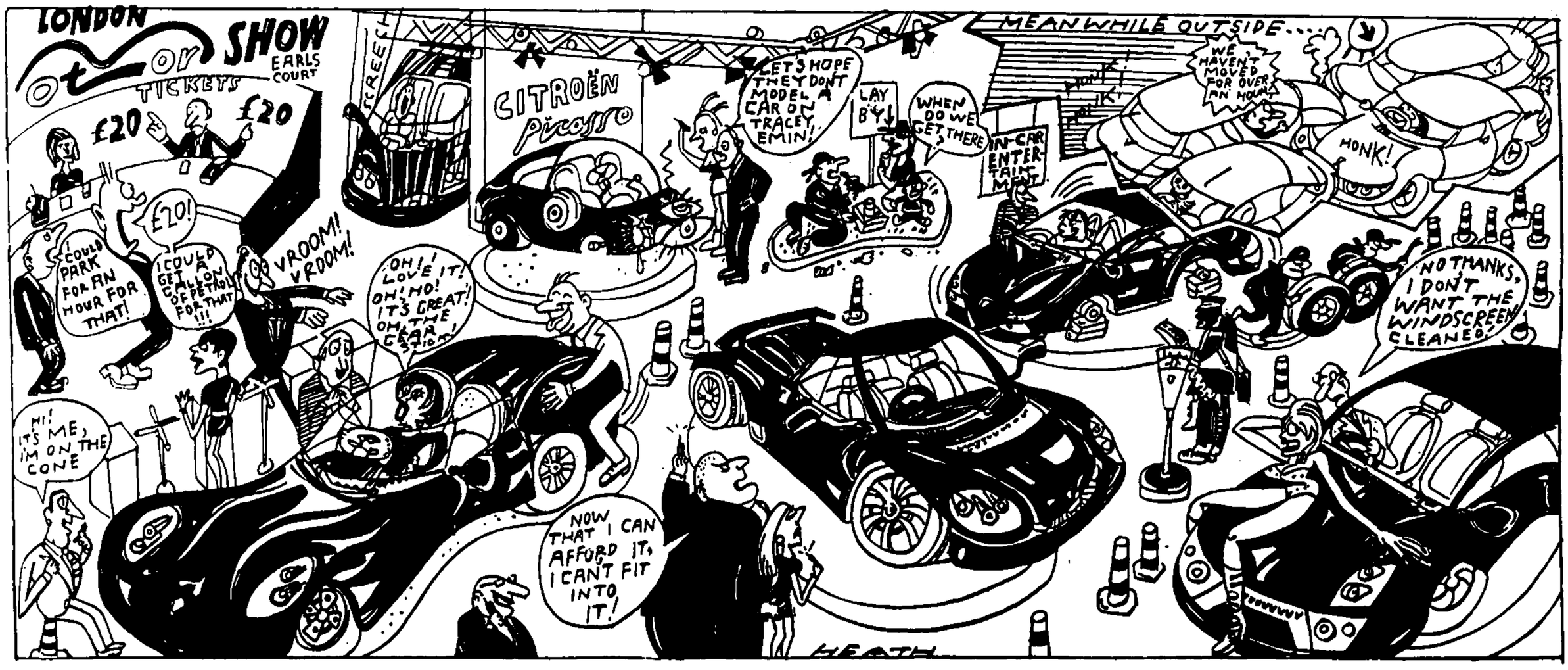
Brainchild of Kelvin
Mackenzie and
Janet Street-Porter.

Home of Topless
Darts, The Weather
In Norwegian
And News
Bunny.

Now
Ironically
You are
Dead.

E.J. Thribb (17½ viewers)

HEATH'S PRIVATE VIEW


LONDON MOTOR SHOW
EARLS COURT
TICKETS
£20
£20
£20!
I COULD PARK FOR AN HOUR FOR THAT!
I COULD GET A GALLON OF PETROL FOR THAT!!!
VROOM! VROOM!
OH! I LOVE IT! OH! HO! IT'S GREAT! OH, THE GEAR STICK!
HI! IT'S ME, I'M ON THE CONE
NOW THAT I CAN AFFORD IT, I CAN'T FIT INTO IT!
CITROËN Picasso
LET'S HOPE THEY DON'T MODEL A CAR ON TRACEY EMIN!
LAY BY
WHEN DO WE GET THERE
IN-CAR ENTERTAINMENT
MEANWHILE OUTSIDE....
WE HAVEN'T MOVED FOR OVER AN HOUR
HONK!
NO THANKS, I DON'T WANT THE WINDSCREEN CLEANED!
HEATH

MAD KOW-TOW DISEASE HITS BRITAIN

by Our Medical Staff
Dr James Le Fumanchu

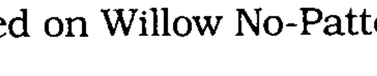
A SERIOUS outbreak of the disease OBN, known colloquially as "Mad Kow-Tow Disease", swept Britain yesterday as hundreds of victims fell to their knees and dribbled in front of visiting Chinese dignitaries.

The disease, which affects the brain, leaves the sufferer with no critical faculties at all and results in severe memory loss – some of the worst cases end up forgetting everything they ever knew about the Chinese record on human rights.

CHAIRMAN MOO

Doctors believe that Mad Kow-Tow disease is caused by eating too much humble pie which attacks the nervous system, thus making the host extremely anxious about losing trade contracts.

At this point, the backbone begins to crumble, eventually disintegrating completely, leaving its pathetic former owner a grinning mass of jelly who can only gibber "Welcome to Britain, Your Excellency".



That Chinese Royal Official Banquet Menu In Full

Brown Tongue Windsor Soup
Grovelax on Brown-Nose Bread and Butter Up
⁂
Supreme Chicken Out or Peking Duck-Issues
Toady-In-The-Hole With Appease Pudding
⁂
Tiananmisu (off)
Cowardy Custard
⁂
Petit Gang of Fours

All served on Willow No-Patten China

To drink: Chateau Sycofantin-Latour '61 and a selection of Arsliqueurs

The Banquet Music In Full

Played By The Band of the 14/21st Queen's Own Buskers

At the entrance
Pimp and Circumstance . . . . . Elgar

Over dinner
Medley: Songs from the shows
A Nightingale was Shot in Tiananmen Square – Tanks for the Memory – Kiss Me Kate Adie

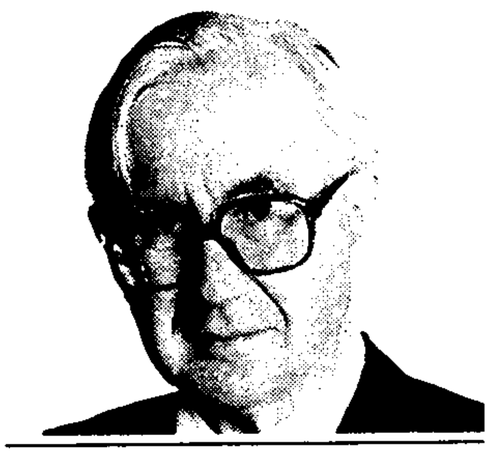
After the speeches
Drool Britannia . . . . . Parry
God Save Zemin . . . . . Trad.

World Exclusive

Chinese Leader Granted Audience

One of the most historic interviews in the history of the world took place last week on the eve of the State visit to London by His Imperial Magnificence Comrade Jiang Zemin.

The interview was conducted by His Grace the Lord Mogg, Ambassador Plenipotentiary from the Court of St Rupert. Their conversation took place in the Hall of A Thousand Suns, in the Palace of Heavenly Boredom, just off Tiananmen Square.



William Rees-Mogg

Lord Rice-Mogg: Your Holiness, it is extremely good of you to spare a few minutes in the middle of your extraordinarily busy life as the ruler over 8 billion people to talk to a humble antiquarian bookseller from Somerset...

Zemin: Get on with it.

Mogg: ...ha, ha, ha. I am privileged to witness an example of your legendary wit at first hand.

Zemin: Ask me about the trade figures.

Mogg: May I now ask you about the trade figures?

Zemin: I am glad you asked me about that. In the past five years alone the gross domestic product of the People's Republic of China has risen by no less than 1.36 million percent.

Mogg: Is that because of your brilliant leadership?

Zemin: Indeed it is *(smiles benignly)*. Ask me about the modernisation of China.

Mogg: May I turn now to a somewhat controversial subject: the modernisation of your great country of which you are the revered helmsman.

Zemin: China is modernising at an astonishing rate. Everywhere you look you will see skyscrapers, mobile telephones and lap-top computers.

Mogg: And I couldn't help noticing also on my way here a large number of Mr Murdoch's Sky Satellite televisual devices.

Zemin: That was what you call a commercial break?

Mogg: Very, very amusing, your Highness. Ha, ha, ha. And now that we are getting on so well, perhaps this would be an opportune moment to raise the delicate issue of the different ways in which different countries choose to sort out their own internal problems, each doubtless valid in their own way.

Zemin: Ah, you mean Tibet. Normally, I shoot people at this point of the interview! But since you have raised this question in such a tactful way, while lying flat out on the floor and applying your tongue to my shoe, I will spare your miserable life.

Mogg: You are too generous, Your Supreme Majesty.

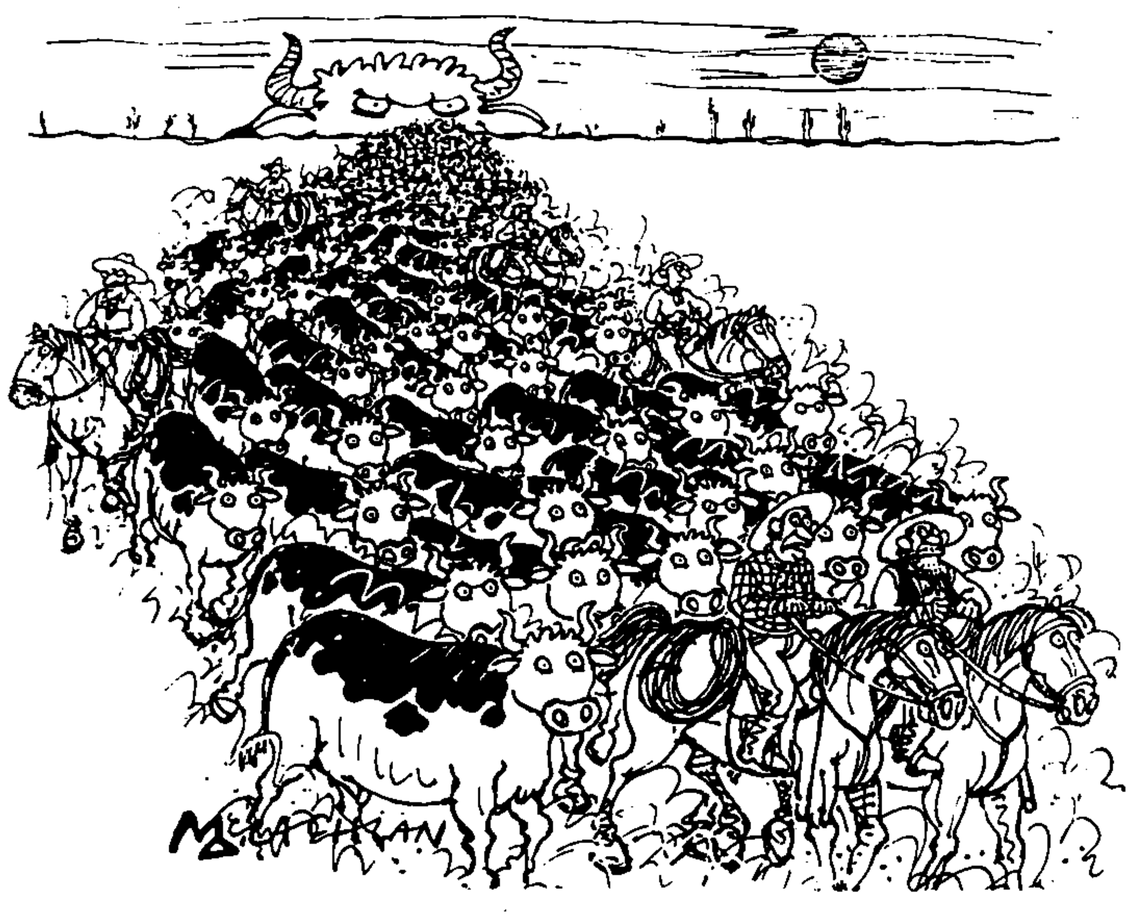
Zemin: Your time is up.

Mogg: Perhaps before I pay the supreme penalty for my impertinence, I might be allowed to present you with this Moroccan bound copy of yesterday's Sun newspaper bearing the headline "IT'S RICE TO SEE YOU JIANG! YOU'RE OUR NUMBER WON-SUN!".

Zemin: Guards, take him away.

© Moggtrash Productions, in association with Times Newspapers Plc.

"And this is the boy reared by Monkees"



"Well, I sure can't see what all the fuss is about over the giving of growth hormones to our cattle"

THE SUN SAYS

THE French are disgusting. How dare they feed sewage to defenceless dumb animals who have no idea what they are consuming. That is the *Sun*'s job and one which we do with pride.

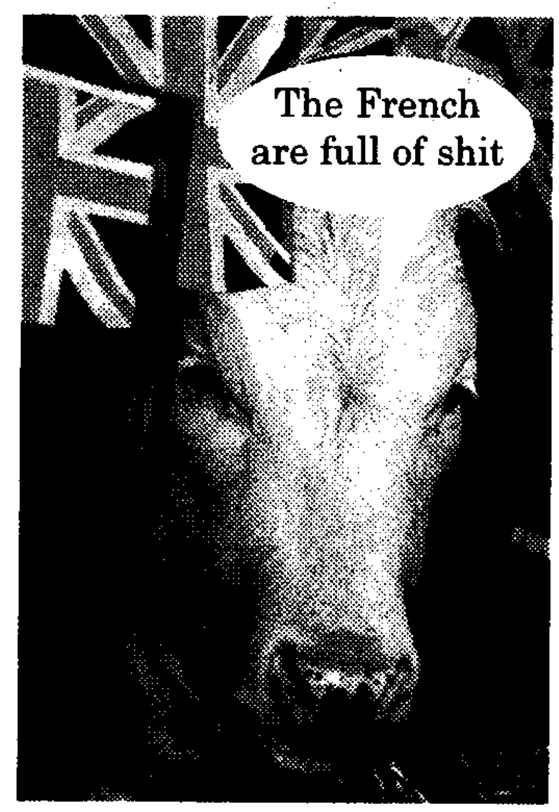
On Other Pages

Rod and Caprice, Michael and Zeta, Tit and Bum, PLUS Garry Bushell.

Remember

There's more sewage in the Sun!

BRITISH COWS SPEAK OUT



LATE NEWS

NEW RAILTRACK DISASTER

THERE was mounting concern last night for the safety of Richard Middleton, the commercial director of Railtrack, who failed to spot the danger signals and crashed straight into the *Today* programme.

"We couldn't stop him," said horrified onlooker John Humphrys. "He just ploughed on, calling the public hysterical and claiming that rail travel was safe the day after another accident."

A Railtrack spokesman immediately denied that Richard Middleton was dangerous and anyone who said otherwise was just "hysterical".

TERRORIST SHANTY ♩♩♩

(Ceasefire Remix)

What shall we do with the drunken soldier?
What shall we do with the drunken soldier?
What shall we do with the drunken soldier?
Early in the morning.

Shoot him in the head and dump his body
Shoot him in the head and dump his body
Shoot him in the head and dump his body
Early in the morning?

Or ♩♩

Slap his wrists and send him home
Slap his wrists and send him home
Slap his wrists and send him home ♩
Early in the morning?

SMARTPANTS

Exclusive extract from Nick Coleridge's sensational new roman à clef thriller SMARTPANTS *set in the glamorous world of glossy magazines and men's luxury fashion accessories.*

Chapter One

THE SUAVE debonair figure of the legendary magazine impressario and part-time novelist Dick Bowleridge appeared in the foyer of the offices of legendary top magazine empire, Nondé Caste.

Wearing a new suit from leading Russian designer Zhivago and smelling fragrantly of the exclusive gentleman's cologne, Swanqui by Donna Kabab of Milan, he gazed proudly at the list of titles over which he wielded his debonair power: legendary magazines like *Flash*, *Hi Society!*, *Posh* and *What Caravan*.

Suddenly, his designer mobile phone from Kostli of Prague trilled.

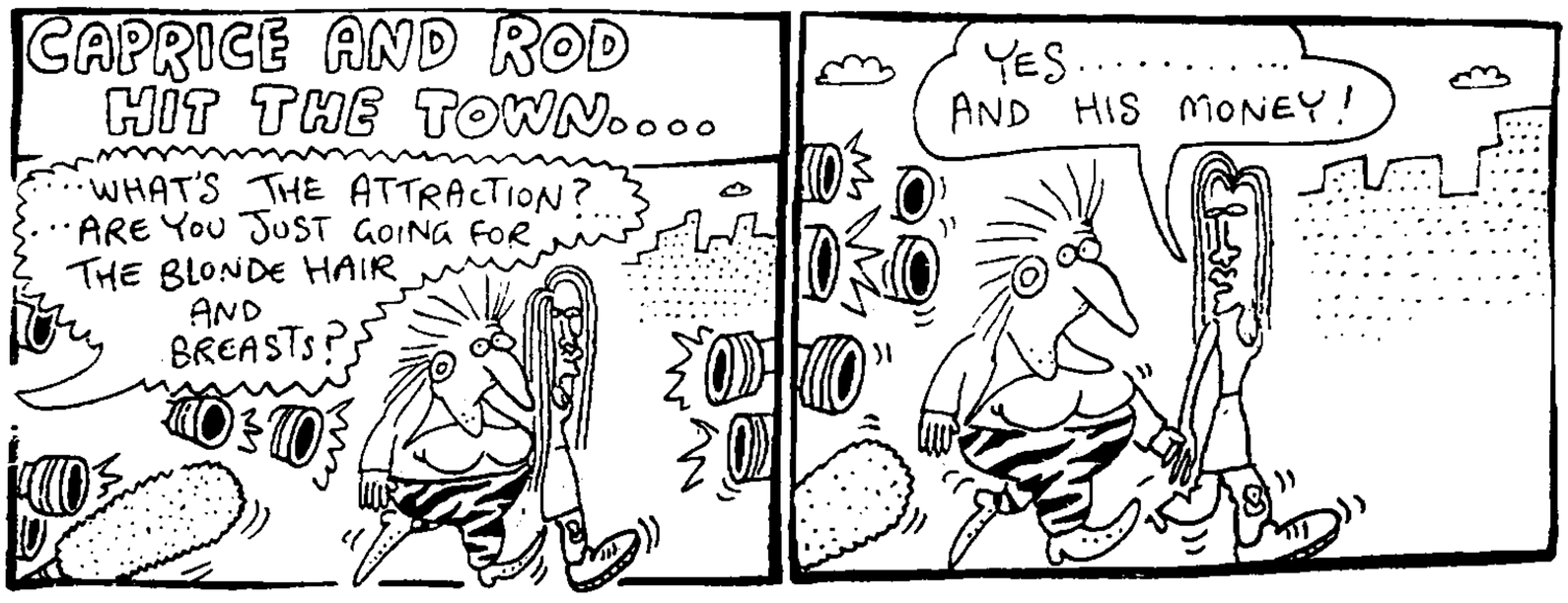
"I've got Tina Black from New York for you," said a silky American voice.

"Not the legendary editrice of the legendary *New Talker* magazine?" replied Bowleridge. "Put her on hold. I've got to ring up the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, the suave and debonair Charles Boore about giving my new novel a huge free plug."

A shot rang out across the marble *(That's enough. Ed.)*

SUPERMODELS

KERBER



New Labour Dictionary

Conservative *(noun)*

Person resisting change particularly in teaching profession; one wedded to progressive teaching methods or discredited educational theories of the past; socialist; loony leftie Guardian-reading Trot; bastard.

© T. Blair.

DIARY

CLIVE JAMES MEETS BARBRA STREISAND

Clive James: On an earth that looks up to the stars, Barbra Streisand is the biggest star on earth. She is such a big star that she has become her own planet, and on that planet she is the rocket that will take us anywhere we want to go. And so when I was invited to step onto this rocket, I simply couldn't say no.

When Barbra Streisand sings, the world stops turning just to listen. Her high notes make you want to say "Hi, notes!" and her low notes seem to be saying "Hel-low!" An accomplished actress, no actress is more accomplished. And it was as her accomplice that I agreed to fly to Hollywood not on a rocket but in a plane, because it was plain that I wanted to meet her.

Barbra Streisand: *Maremriz!*
Lak the cwarners of ma maand
Myistyee-waaarrtered cullid maremriz
Arft the weeeey we whirrrrrrrrr.

Clive James: Barbra, you've always been able not only to sing like an angel, but also to angle your song. And, like the angler you are, you have fished for pure gold. I think it was Nietzsche himself who once said that to be Nietzsche was kinda neat, and certainly when I was an acne-ridden young boy growing up in Australia I –

Barbra Streisand: Have we started? Could someone tell me, have we started?

Clive James: Back to that time in Australia, I remember donging my –

Barbra Streisand: Okay, okay. Let's get this over with. You got forty minutes.

Clive James: I've always been your number one fan, and, what I've always wanted to know is –

Barbra Streisand: Who'd you say this's for?

Clive James: The BBC, Barbra. May I call you Barbra?

Barbra Streisand: Thirty-nine.

Clive James: Barbra, you hit the floor running. And it turned out to be the floor of the elevator going up. So you hit the button marked "TOP FLOOR". Tell us what happened then?!

Barbra Streisand: As a child, I never had a puppy. My mother could never afford a puppy. Maybe that's why I always cry when I see a puppy. For years, I thought maybe my father was a puppy. So every man I met, I wanted to put him on a lead, walk him round the park, feed him Kennomeat. Maybe that's why my relationships never lasted. If only my mother had bought me a puppy. All the other girls had a puppy...

Clive James: When I was a young boy growing up fatherless in Australia, I too wanted a puppy, and my –

Barbra Streisand: Maybe that's what made me determined to make it as a star. Maybe I put all my pain and frustration and love and sorrow and feeling for my fellow man into my music.

Pyee-parl.
Pyee-parl who need pyee-parl,
Waar the LYAAAAAAARKIEST PYEE-PARL
In the WOOOOORRRRRLLLLLLLDDDDD.

Clive James: You are unique, a one-off. There's never been anyone like you. How such an amazing singer could also be so... striking looking is almost beyond the comprehension of a mere mortal such as myself.

Barbra Streisand: Twenty-one minutes.

Clive James: And with *Yentl* you truly made a buster that turned out to be a block. Put the two together, and you had created a true "block-buster". I think it was Bertolt Brecht who said –

Barbra Streisand: *Yentl* is a celebration of what it means to be feminine. I wanted to show women that we really do have to pull together, because, hey, we can be so powerful if we support one another. But a lot of the critics, especially the female critics, were very negative in their reaction. There's a lot of jealousy towards me among women. It's like they can't take another woman being so beautiful and yet so talented. But that's women for you, they're just not worth it. Fourteen minutes thirty.

Clive James: Barbra, "control-freak" is not a term I like. And of the terms I like, "control-freak" is not one. In fact, I'd get rid of anyone who used it. But some people – those jealous women – have been unfair enough to use it about you. It seems silly to mention it. And to mention it seems silly. If by "control-freak" they mean strong, beautiful, and a wholly remarkable woman, then perhaps you are a control-freak. After all, there's no one quite as brilliant or as well-loved as y-

Barbra Streisand: CUT! Eight minutes!

Clive James: From the outside, you seem self-assured, terrific-looking, very gracious, and probably the most talented person on this planet here today. But tell me – who's the real Barbra Streisand?

Barbra: Very few people know the real Barbra Streisand. I'm a tangled mixture of shyness and insecurity, like a rose, or a diamond, or some sort of priceless songbird. If I have a failing, it's that I am too ready to admit to my mistakes. Maybe I've never wholly recovered from the experience of living in my mother's womb. I was trapped. It was cramped and damp, and at no time did I feel the walls were a colour I could live with. But that's just like my mother, to keep me shut up for nine months, unable to express myself to the world as an artist and citizen. In my movie, *The Prince of Tides*, I –

Clive James: As I saw it, that superb landmark movie was not only about the princely tide but also the tidely prince, just as the way we were was above all about the way not only that we are, but that we *were*.

Barbra Streisand: – I was attempting to explore my relationship with myself. Who am I? How am I? How can I learn to love myself more? And why do I so obsessively shy away from talking about myself? Four minutes.

Clive James: Barbra may have lost an "a" from her name, but she was certainly never on the "b" list. She may have been as sharp as a new pin – but the notes she sang were rarely flat.

Barbra Streisand:
LARV – sarftazun eeeeeeeezi chair
LA-AA-ARV – fresh as the mwaw-AW-niiing air
WAARN larv thadiz shared ba two
AR have fow-ownd with you
MAR pre-sherz LAAAAAAAAAARV

Clive James: Barbra –

Barbra Streisand: Two minutes.

Clive James: – Barbra, you are the greatest star the world has ever known. Any future plans?

Barbra Streisand: It's still a struggle. The studios are still very, very anti-feminist and anti-semitic. For the past eight years, I've been struggling to get together a musical version of the Nelson Mandela story, but even though they know I'll be playing the title role the studios are still holding back. And it's my ambition to perform in the Acropolis, but the Greek authorities are refusing to rebuild the roof for me. Maybe it's because I'm a strong woman. Maybe because inside, I'm still that little girl. Maybe it's because I never got that puppy.

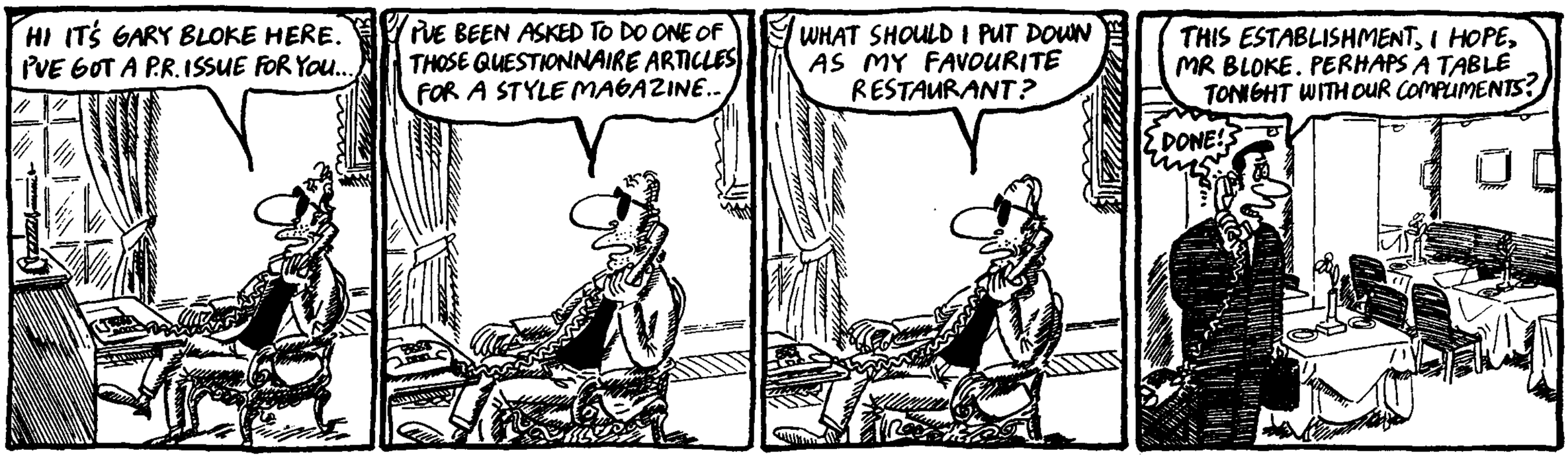
Clive James: You're such a marvell-

Barbra: Time up. CUT!

● **CRAIG BROWN'S OMNIBUS of Private Eye Diaries is now available in hardback, £11.99**

Celeb

LIGGER


HI IT'S GARY BLOKE HERE. I'VE GOT A P.R. ISSUE FOR YOU...
I'VE BEEN ASKED TO DO ONE OF THOSE QUESTIONNAIRE ARTICLES FOR A STYLE MAGAZINE..
WHAT SHOULD I PUT DOWN AS MY FAVOURITE RESTAURANT?
THIS ESTABLISHMENT, I HOPE, MR BLOKE. PERHAPS A TABLE TONIGHT WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS?
DONE!

Literary Review

Steel mill

Granny Dan
(Bantam Press, £9.99)
The Klone & I
(Corgi, £5.99)
Danielle Steel

DANIELLE STEEL is a phenomenon. More than 390 million books sold — and still they keep on coming. These latest two off the production line simultaneously topped the hardback and paperback lists over the summer, and each is still loitering in its respective top ten.

She must be doing *something* right. The marketing, perhaps. The brand loyalty. The predictability of the product. The embossed gold lettering on the cover. But whatever it is, it's not the quality of the writing or the originality of the stories.

Take the stories (though I don't recommend it). *Granny Dan* is a tale of Romance, Royalty and Revolution, set in "St Petersburg, Russia" (in case you thought it was St P., Florida) in the olden days. It concerns a brilliant young ballerina, Danina Petroskova, who becomes a favourite at court, "welcomed into the heart of the Imperial family".

Then tragedy strikes. She falls in love. It all goes horribly wrong. There's a beastly revolution. Her loved ones are all slain. Only she escapes to tell the tale — which she doesn't, because otherwise she'd be the narrator and the book might actually engage the reader.

Instead the story is presented by her grand-daughter, a suburban housewife from Vermont, who reconstructs it from a mysterious parcel of letters and mementoes left after her granny's death. Given this creaky premise, it's a little hard to believe in all the detailed descriptions of characters and their thoughts and the verbatim reproductions of long conversations. But never mind, because there's nothing here to challenge our received notions about the rigours of ballet training, the splendours of the Imperial court, and the horrors of war. It's *The Red Shoes* meets *Nicholas & Alexandra*, with none of the subtlety or complexity of either.

Why have the modern-day narrator at all? Why not just tell the story? Because the point of access must be familiar to Steel's readership. The poor dears cannot be expected to empathise with an exotic foreign character. But, hey, if she's some dull suburban housewife's *granny*, why, it could be you!

The same goes for *The Klone and I*. This is narrated by Stephanie, a standard issue First Wife imaginatively compared (repeatedly, so even the slowest in the class can grasp the complex symbolism) to a comfortable old flannel nightgown, after her "impeccably dressed" husband has run away with a "gorgeous" bimbo who's like, er, slinky new satin lingerie.

After the divorce Stephanie smartens herself up (by visiting the nail parlour and "re-evaluating my hemlines") and, on a trip to Paris, meets a fellow American, Peter Baker, who looks "so goddam sexy, sitting there in his khakis and Oxford shirt" and his "impeccably shined Gucci loafers" that Stephanie can't stop "obsessing" over her Pernod and when "he turned and smiled at me... something very primal deep in my soul spoke to me".

Swept off her feet, Stephanie doesn't take in what Peter says about working in "bionics" in Silicon Valley. So when, back in the States, he sends his "secret project", a perfect but outrageously extrovert clone of himself, called Paul Klone, to entertain her while he's away on a business trip, she thinks it's just him putting on an act. Hasn't she just ironically observed how "unique" he seemed? Cue the usual funny business about doubles and twins, as seen in various Shakespeare plays; and wasn't there a film, called *Multiplicity*, based on this very idea?

All right, so they're not original and the narrative devices don't hold water. But it's the way she tells them, isn't it? The way Danina, when dancing, is "breathtaking in her precision, elegance of style and the sheer power of her talent" and in case you missed that, later on the same page, "her technique and her style were so extraordinary that they took one's breath away" — which tells you everything and nothing, twice. Her trip to the summer palace in the Crimea was "an unforgettable time in her life that she knew she would remember forever". Unforgettable *and* memorable: what an "added" bonus!

As for the sex: "He was more romantic, more loving, more sensual than I had ever known him, and did things to me I had only read about..." (but not in Steel's novels, it seems, which are curiously coy on this topic).

It's not that these books are awful, in the way that, say, Jeffrey Archer's books are hilariously awful; they're not kitschily crap like Barbara Cartland's, nor preposterously bad like Julie Burchill's. They're just second-rate.

But why sneer? Why complain if she provides what her loyal readers want? She is at least a professional writer, who devotes herself to the job full-time. No, Danielle Steele is the real thing, all right. She's the real Mc... Donald's.

Books & Bookmen

■ *THE retirement party for leading literary agent Michael Sissons — a lavish sit-down do in the Long Room at Lord's — was attended by the great and good of politics (Grocer Heath, Hezza, Fatty Lawson, et al) and the literary world (Antonia Byatt, Simon Schama etc).*

Lord Alexander of Weedon and Woy Jenkins paid touching tributes. But after Sissons replied, the evening degenerated dramatically, much to the embarrassment of the assembled politicos, when a member of Sissons's local hunt proceeded to give an interminable William Hague impression, dressed in a baseball cap.

So tired were his jokes the Grocer promptly lapsed into slumber — even managing to sleep through a 40-strong madrigal choir — only to be wakened by a polite inquiry as to whether he'd been away lately. Without missing a beat, the increasingly jowly Father of the House replied: "Have I ever been weighed?"

■ POOR Paul Routledge. Timing has never been his strong point. Thanks to the *Guardian*, the first edition of *Mandy*, his unauthorised autobiography of Peter Mandelson, hit the shops some weeks after its only scoop, the Robinson home loan, had precipitated its subject's resignation. Beyond a somewhat lacklustre serialisation in the *Mirror* (who got third dibs on their own Chief Political Correspondent's book), it failed to set the world alight. So it is all the more unfortunate that Routers should choose to close the new, updated paperback edition (its jacket heavily adorned with enthusiastic quotes from, er, the *Mirror*) with a prophecy of his own concerning Mandy's future. "Politics can be an unforgiving place, and the most commonly expressed view at Westminster is that his meteoric political career is over." The best prospect Routers can foresee is that Mandy might just scrape back into the Cabinet after the next general election, but, he cautions, "few disgraced politicians ever return to front line prominence".

So it was downright unlucky that Pocket Books chose 11th October to publish the new edition of *Mandy* – the very day that Mandelson's appointment as Northern Ireland Secretary was announced.

■ IT LOOKS like Waterstone's MD David "Mekon" Kneale will regret sacking his marketing director Martin Lee (see *Eye* 986). Major shareholder EMI has started to ask the Mekon and his patron, Alan "Weasel" Giles, why they are dumping the directors, like Lee, about whom Giles waxed lyrical when the company was bought from WH Smug. In addition, several publishers, including Faber, have joined together to bankroll a belated leaving party for the popular exile: a strong sign of disapproval in Kneale's management policy.

Despite this, the Mekon has continued to fire his raygun with abandon, ousting Tim Waterstone's longest-serving lieutenant — property director Shaw Warnock — and announcing the first store closures in the chain's catchment review, including the older Brighton shop, as predicted in *Eye* 983. Inexplicably, Kneale was happy to inform the *Bookseller* that all of the doomed outlets are "profitable".

Now, three other directors have now been informed that they have to "prove themselves", but this cuts little ice in the face of the similar motivational techniques used by the Mekon on Lee and Warnock. Lee was informed that his job was safe if he "culled" his department, and so he reluctantly let four of his staff go. Then, the Mekon told both him and Warnock to concentrate on organising the opening of Waterstone's Piccadilly. Having achieved this, both were fired immediately, but the announcement was delayed for a week to avoid spoiling press coverage of the opening.

■ **HAVING decided to launch *In Office* — his pisspoor book of Cabinet memoirs for Little Brown Jug — on the same night as the HarperCollins party for John Major's equally dull autobiography, a tired and emotional Norman Lamont was overheard musing with a guest on the relative delights of the two beanos. "I daresay the pulchritude is better at mine," he concluded, with the merest hint of a wink. Sadly, he appeared to be too tired and emotional to do much about it.**

'Bookworm'

SNIPCOCK & TWEED
WHAT AN AMAZING REVELATION!
GEOFFREY ROBINSON MEMOIRS
ROBINSON'S SAD, BITTER AND WASHED UP!
NEW LABOUR NEW WHINGER

IN THE BACK

PRISONS

Child Scare

Within the next few weeks two damning reports will be published on an isolated prison used to lock up children as young as 10 in Northern Ireland.

Two weeks ago inspectors from the NI Commission for Human Rights, concerned about allegations of abuse at Lisnevin Juvenile Justice Centre visited the bleak razor-wired jail just outside Millisle on the coast of Co. Down.

Meanwhile the Social Services Inspectorate is putting the final touches to a lengthy report, which is expected to be highly critical of the Lisnevin management. Concerns centre in particular on the use of an isolation unit – known as the Scrabo unit – where children have been held for up to two days as punishment in clear breach of child protection rules. No child is supposed to be held in isolation for longer than three hours – and only then for protection purposes.

Although it is understood inspectors have not been able to confirm the allegations, the Eye was told of four incidents earlier this year, where young people complained of being assaulted by staff – two while in the isolation unit. One was said to have been beaten and bruised while being taken to the unit and another injured when he was forcibly dragged from a toilet.

Only last week, the Children's Law Centre in Belfast, in its "Getting it Right" report on children's rights, called for Lisnevin to be closed down.

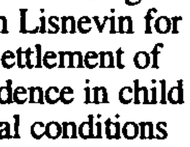
None of this will come as a surprise to the Northern Ireland office, which runs Lisnevin, because the centre has been the butt of persistent human rights criticism for several years. Social Services inspectors reported in 1997 that Lisnevin was "dehumanising" and last year a social worker, working in Lisnevin for the NI Association for the Care and Resettlement of Offenders, resigned over a lack of confidence in child protection procedures. While the physical conditions of Lisnevin have improved somewhat since the 1997 report – children are no longer sleeping on the floor – concerns about punishment and control remain.

To add to the problem, recent legislation has removed the power of the courts to decide whether children go into secure or open detention and all young male offenders now pass through Lisnevin for assessment. Sometimes those assessments have been ignored by the Northern Ireland Office. As the Children's Law Centre report points out : "Given that the (Human Rights) Convention sees incarceration as a last resort, it is unacceptable that all male young offenders will be detained in what is in effect, a juvenile prison, if only for a short time." And as the decision to lock them up in Lisnevin is now taken by civil servants, neither is there is any automatic right of appeal.

The Northern Ireland Office is currently reviewing child justice issues... but weary campaigners are not optimistic that the latest raft of criticism will bring an end to the Lisnevin regime. It was, of course, the original Tory inspiration for the crop of privately-run child jails springing up in England. While Labour in opposition was pledged to abandon them, Jack Straw has now adopted them as his own.

TOBACCO INDUSTRY

Fags 'n' Gags



COULD the tobacco industry's Damascene conversion to the dangers of their own weed be in any way related to the fact that next month their complicity into the deaths of 120,000 people each year in the UK will come under the scrutiny of the Commons Health Select Committee?

After decades of denial, tobacco giant Philip Morris's sudden acknowledgement that smoking is highly addictive and causes painful and protracted death from lung cancers and heart disease has been accompanied by an offer to the committee to help fund an anti-smoking campaign aimed at the young. (Whether the sum will match that the company spends on luring young people into a habit with the promise of designer gifts like cameras and pagers for brand loyalty remains to be seen, of course.)

The new candour and cash gestures are no doubt designed to head off further punitive government action, like advertising bans, in the future. But what of the industry's murky past? It has largely escaped detailed scrutiny in this country because the test lawsuit brought by ex-smokers against two other tobacco companies, Imperial and Gallagher, has been effectively blown out by a High Court judge. This stands in stark contrast to the US, where some individual claimants – but more importantly some State authorities – have secured large health care payments from the companies.

However, the Health Committee's remit is to look at what action the tobacco industry "has taken and is currently taking" in response to the scientific knowledge about addiction and disease. David Hinchcliffe, Wakefield MP and committee chair, has already said he would like to inquire into how much these firms knew in the past about the dangers of smoking.

But here's a curious thing. The two people – outside of the tobacco industry – who could give the most detailed independent evidence to the select committee are prevented from doing so. They are Martyn Day and John Pickering, the two lawyers who represented the ex-smokers in the failed court action. They had access to the mountains of revealing internal industry documents disclosed in litigation in this country and in the US.

But the lawyers are bound by extraordinary and swingeing undertakings they were forced to give the tobacco companies at the end of the High Court case. As part of a deal to protect their clients from being bankrupted by the tobacco companies' legal costs – which Imperial alone reckoned was about £7m – they had to agree not to take any new court action against the two companies for 10 years and against any other tobacco company for five years. They were also forced to agree not to "encourage or instigate" adverse publicity against the companies over smoking and health and this is the part that may prevent them from giving evidence to the select committee.

That raises an interesting constitutional dilemma for the committee. Should it use its powers to command the two men to appear and thus put them in potential contempt of their undertaking?

A spokesman for the committee said it had not yet decided who to call to give evidence.

The two lawyers themselves refused to discuss the issue. "I can't, I'm a gagged man," said Mr Day.

FOCUS ON UKIP

With friends like these...

OUR old friend Peter Carter-Fuck has despatched a furious letter to the *Guardian* on behalf of Michael Holmes MEP and Nigel Farage MEP, respectively the leader and chairman of the UK Independence Party, demanding immediate and grovelling apologies for an article about the dismal duo.

This is not the first time Carter-Fuck has taken up cudgels for Farage. In June this year he threatened to issue a writ against the *Times* after political correspondent Andrew Pierce reported on Farage's mysterious lunch two years earlier with one Mark Deavin, a prominent member of the far-right British National Party. Three days after its original story, the *Times* carried a feature by UKIP's founder, Dr Alan Sked, urging his supporters not to vote for the party in the European elections.

Farage's friends have claimed in recent days that the *Times* was forced to apologise. Not so: it published a tiny clarification of one point. Whereas Sked had accused Farage of having been in contact with "extremists" from the BNP, Farage said he had met only one BNP extremist and the word should therefore have been in the singular. Nothing else in Sked's article was retracted. Nor was there any apology or correction arising from Pierce's news story (headed "BNP link allegation hits Euro party"), which was potentially more damaging.

Farage admits he lunched with Deavin on 17 June 1997: he could hardly do otherwise, since a photo exists of the two men leaving the restaurant. But *why* did he agree to meet him given that UKIP has always gone out of its way to shun any contact with racists and far-right activists — and that Deavin had been expelled from UKIP the previous month when his role as an infiltrator from the BNP was discovered?

Farage claims he gave a "full explanation" in an affidavit sworn in June 1999, when he was preparing to sue the *Times*. But he was rather less full or frank with his own national executive committee (NEC). The photo of Farage and Deavin was first circulated anonymously at the end of 1998. When challenged about it at the NEC meeting in February 1999, Farage did not mention that he had indeed lunched with Deavin after the BNP man's expulsion. He was instead studiously vague, suggesting that perhaps the picture might have been taken at a "garden party" some years ago.

After composing his sworn statement in June — and even though his party was paying a share of the lavish Carter-Ruck costs incurred by his legal negotiations with the *Times* (£18,000 in all, half paid by the newspaper and another quarter by UKIP) — Farage never provided the executive with a copy. NEC members didn't see the affidavit until last month, shortly before their meeting of 25 September 1999, when they were sent it anonymously.

Even the "full explanation" in the affidavit actually raises more questions than it answers. Though Farage says he agreed to the lunch because he "wanted to find out why he (Deavin) had left the UKIP", elsewhere in the same paragraph he admits that Deavin "had been expelled from the UKIP in May 1997 when it was discovered that he had links with the BNP". So, even by his own admission, Farage knew perfectly well why Deavin had "left" (ie been expelled from) the party. And yet, knowing this, Farage met him without even taking along a colleague or friend to ensure this wasn't a set-up by the BNP.

As one executive member puts it, Farage has been "less than candid". But then secrecy appears to be something of an obsession for UKIP's beleaguered bosses. When an anti-leadership document was sent out anonymously this summer, Michael Holmes seriously proposed that all members of the national executive should be subjected to DNA testing to see if their saliva matched that on the back of the postage stamp.

While Holmes and Farage retain Peter Carter-Fuck to defend their reputation, other NEC members are consulting their own lawyers — particularly about the legal status of a statement signed by Holmes on 3 September, and witnessed by a barrister, in which he undertook "to announce at the party conference his intention to hand over leadership of the UK Independent Party to a new leader to be elected in due course according to the constitution, and agreeing not to stand again as leader of the party".

When the party conference gathered in Solihull at the beginning of October, Holmes broke his promise. Instead, he engineered the sacking of the entire national executive at a hastily convened "extraordinary general meeting" of UKIP.
Yet another lawyer — John O'Connell of Messrs Jeffrey Green Russell — has now advised executive members that their dismissal was invalid, since no notice of this EGM had been given to party members. In any case, paragraph 7.19 of the party's constitution makes it clear that even if the NEC is removed or resigns, it continues with full powers until a new one has been elected.

Thus fortified, the NEC met on 13 October and passed a unanimous vote of no confidence in its leader, followed by several motions condemning Holmes's "unauthorised removal of equipment and records" from the London office.

No doubt this long-running farce will end in court before long. Perhaps recalling Carter-Fuck's legendary appetite for huge fees, the executive wisely agreed that if any legal bills arise from Holmes's antics, "no charge will accrue to party funds".

In the City

TODAY Ronnie Driver is best known as the proud father of actress Minnie Driver. He is seen at premieres of her films and in showbiz articles about her Hollywood career. There he is usually described as a "financier" or "investment tycoon".

But Ronnie Driver has a much greater claim to fame in his own right. As one of the City's biggest crooks who helped to steal more than $50 million, thereby bringing about one of the biggest corporate crashes, and got away with it — his great escape assisted by the far from impressive efforts of the Department of Timidity & Inaction and the Serious Farce Office. The failure to even prosecute Driver and his associates is one of the SFO's biggest and most embarrassing failures. Driver, an arrogant man who savoured the social life and connections the money he stole bought (Prince Michael of Kent was a non-executive co-director and Prince Charles a polo pal), was a leading light at Lloyd's in the dark days when theft and tax evasion were seen as the norm by the old school City gents who ran the insurance market. His chums included such pin-striped swindlers as Peter Cameron-Webb and John Wallrock of Minet infamy.

Driver controlled two insurance underwriting agencies, C.R. Driver and H.S. Weavers. He also headed London United Investments into which Weavers was injected in 1971. LUI — where Prince Michael decorated the board — owned a string of insurance companies, the Kwelm group, doing largely unprofitable professional indemnity and public liability business in the United States. From 1970 until LUI collapsed in 1990 with liabilities of up to £10 billion Driver and his chief partners in crime — his protégé Henry Weavers and their senior lieutenant Peter Wilson — siphoned away around $54m in typical Lloyd's fashion via commissions paid to phoney reinsurance brokers in Bermuda and Liechtenstein.

They were helped in this by the loyal services of a British accountant, Graham Smith, based in Liechtenstein who not only handled their money but fought a successful near ten year rearguard legal battle to prevent the DTI and the SFO discovering what happened to the millions and how they were divvied up.

What is known — courtesy of a three year DTI investigation, the subsequent SFO probe and the more productive efforts of the LUI administrators — is that the money went first to the Sarita Anstalt in Liechtenstein run by Smith. From there it was split into three main cash flows running through further anstalts — an all but totally impenetrable creation which is Liechtenstein's unique contribution to offshore secrecy.

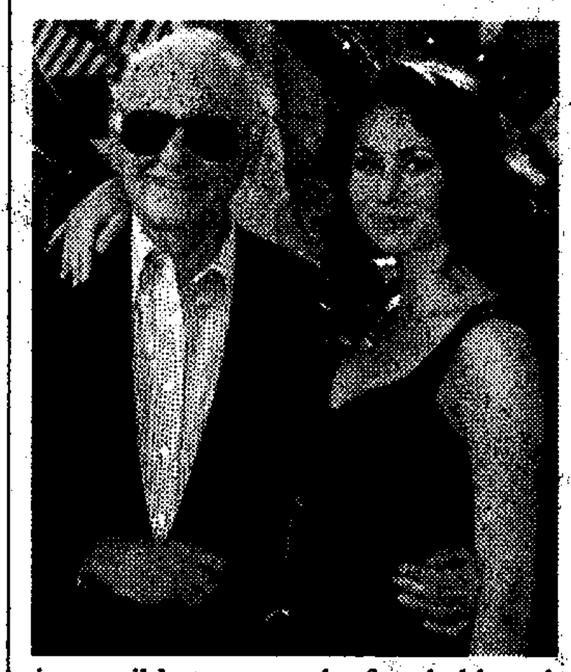
The 1993 DTI report into the LUI scandal was highly critical of Driver and his crew. Driver was described as "the boss". He claimed to have known nothing about the missing $54m and to have done nothing wrong. The DTI inspectors did not believe him. "We are driven to the conclusion that on a number of essential issues he has not told us the truth", they declared. The inspectors found Driver guilty of "gross misconduct" regarding the payment of company money to offshore private bank accounts used by him. He was held responsible for "wrongly diverting funds" from Driver and the LUI to Smith companies. "He bears a very heavy responsibility for what occurred", says the report. "He knew what was happening and gave his approval... if he had chosen to do so he could have stopped these activities at any time".

The inspectors were also scathing about Weavers and Wilson.

However the DTI inspectors were forced to admit that Smith had totally frustrated their attempts to discover what had happened to the $54m paid to Sarita. Smith refused to talk to the inspectors about the anstalts. He also preferred to be struck off as an accountant rather than co-operate. No wonder he was seen by Driver's crew as "a trustworthy man to hold money". As a result the DTI could not prove that the money had largely gone to Driver, Weavers and Wilson. The inspectors were left to lamely conclude that there was evidence suggesting the trio "intended to benefit from the funds wrongly diverted to the Smith companies" and that it was probable that "in some way, at some time and to some extent they have derived some financial benefit".

Proving that they had was then left to the SFO and the LUI administrators, accountants Coopers & Lybrand.

The SFO investigation was soon bogged down in a Liechtenstein legal swamp. Without information from the Smith company bank accounts it was impossible to prove the fraud although there was evidence from other accounts in Jersey and Bermuda involving smaller sums of around $500,000. It was seemingly decided not to prosecute on these matters but to go after the major theft. But Smith resisted every attempt to obtain the bank information.



Ronnie Driver with daughter Minnie: a picture of poor health

SFO insiders explain that with up to sixteen levels of legal appeal it was impossible to make more than snail like progress in breaching the Smith defences. Each commission rogatoire request that was granted by the Vaduz authorities resulted in new leads to new anstalts and accounts. But the Liechtenstein courts said this required new formal requests and so repeated returns into the local legal maze.

In a futile bid to break through the endless lines of Smith defences the SFO applied diplomatic pressure via the Foreign Office and the British ambassador. The FO also tried pressuring

"Not drinking the coffee, Dave?"

Liechtenstein through their Swiss neighbours — most anstalts own Swiss numbered accounts making an unbreakable double secrecy whammy. Despite the existence of a mutual legal assistance treaty with Liechtenstein designed to prevent such obstructions it was futile. The legal battle is ongoing — just.

The SFO also faced other problems. Weavers died in 1993 shortly before the DTI report was completed. Driver was by now in his seventies and claiming to be in poor health as well as suffering from a severe case of amnesia about events so long ago. The younger Wilson denied all knowledge of what had gone on in Liechtenstein — despite being described by the inspectors as the "pivot" of the links with Smith.

Today the LUI investigation is described as "only technically still alive" by SFO sources. It was last mentioned in the 1997 annual report — "The case has been prolonged by extreme difficulties encountered in obtaining evidence from abroad." Even if the evidence was by some miracle obtained from Liechtenstein it is extremely unlikely that any prosecution would now be mounted. Driver is considered probably too old at 79. Wilson is still a potential target — he is only 58 — but he would point to the missing men, his bosses Driver and Weavers, plus the probably equally missing Smith. And it all happened a long, long time ago. So Ronnie Driver and his crew pulled off a $54m heist and walked away with the money.

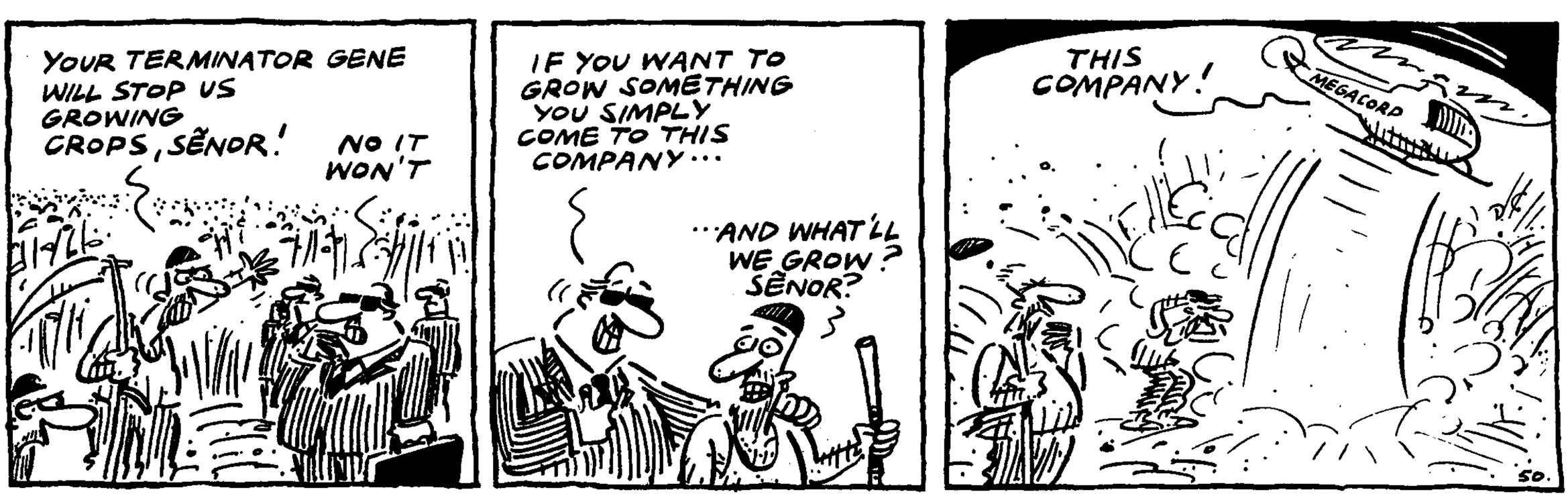
But their gain has not been entirely without pain. Coopers & Lybrand proved somewhat more tenacious than the SFO in pursuit of the money hijacked from the bankrupt LUI. Helped by the greater preparedness of the Liechtenstein courts to assist civil claimants the administrators successfully besieged the Smith companies. He was forced to pay around $10m into court in order to fight the case. Eventually three years ago Smith settled the claims from LUI/Kwelm paying back up to $30m. But that still left Smith and his clients with some $20m plus the income and profits from the full $50m over more than 20 years. There was also little recovery from Driver or any of his cronies. Driver had homes in London and Barbados but these proved hard to grab.

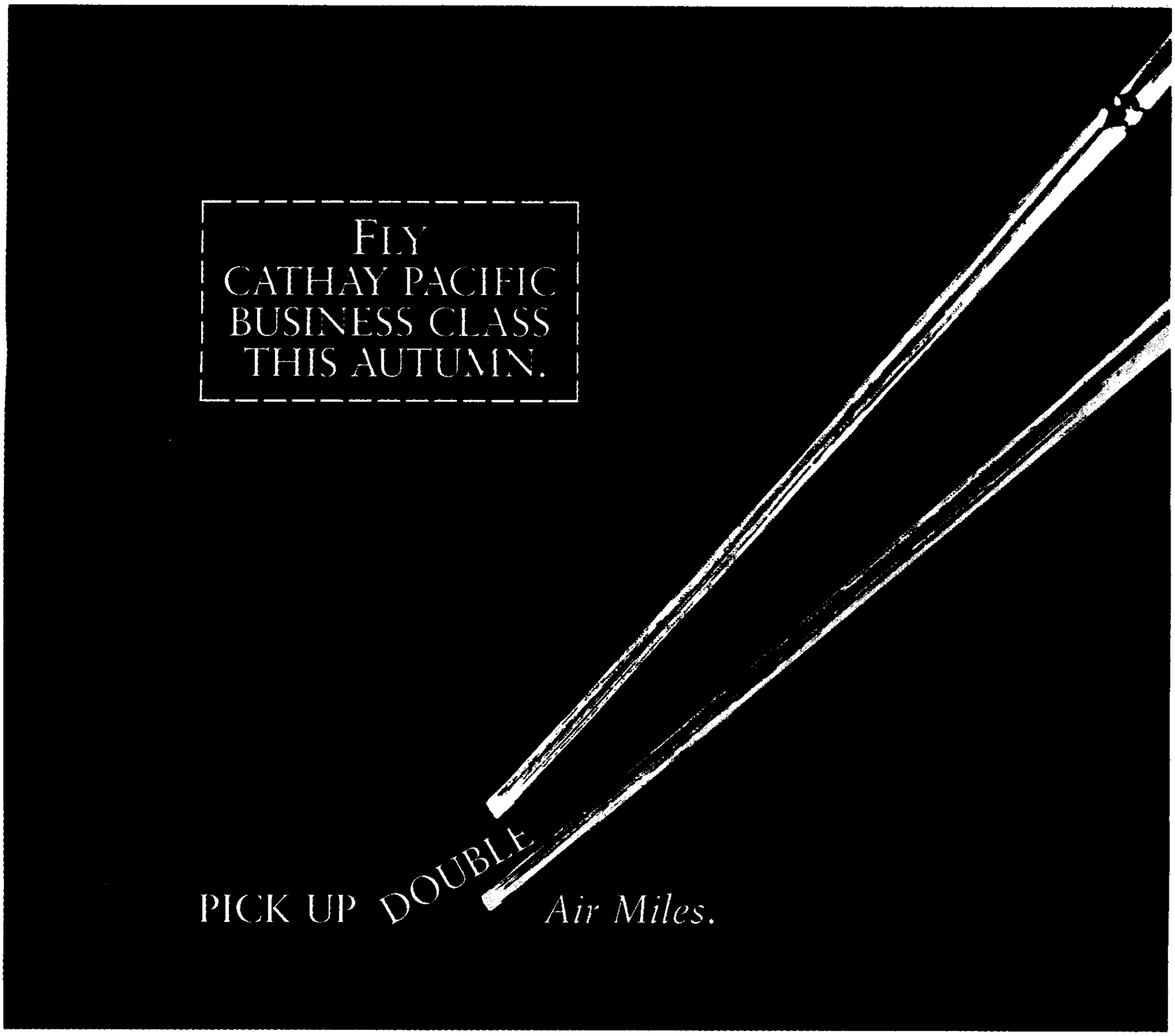
Like Ernest Saunders, Ronnie Driver now appears to have miraculously recovered from the health problems which prevented him remembering exactly what happened at LUI. But then the restorative qualities of being relieved from the stress of facing trial or prison are now only too well-known to men in suits if not to men of science.

'Slicker'

THE DIRECTORS

DREDGE/RIGG


YOUR TERMINATOR GENE WILL STOP US GROWING CROPS, SEÑOR!
NO IT WON'T
IF YOU WANT TO GROW SOMETHING YOU SIMPLY COME TO THIS COMPANY...
...AND WHAT'LL WE GROW? SEÑOR?
THIS COMPANY!
MEGACORD
50.



Fly Cathay Pacific Business Class this autumn to Hong Kong, or beyond, and you'll find a very tasty menu of special offers – all with our compliments. Appetising free offers such as double *Air Miles** for British Airways UK Executive Club members – fly First Class and you'll pick up triple *Air Miles*,* plus a complimentary Links of London gift. Free first night's accommodation in Hong Kong. Free airport transfers in the UK and Hong Kong. Discounts at top Hong Kong restaurants. And a free Economist Pocket Asia Guide†. It's amazing how many more tasty offers you can pick up if you fly Cathay Pacific this autumn – and you won't need to use chopsticks. So pick up the phone to your travel agent, or call us direct on **0171 747 8880.**

Fly Cathay Pacific. The Heart of Asia.

CATHAY PACIFIC

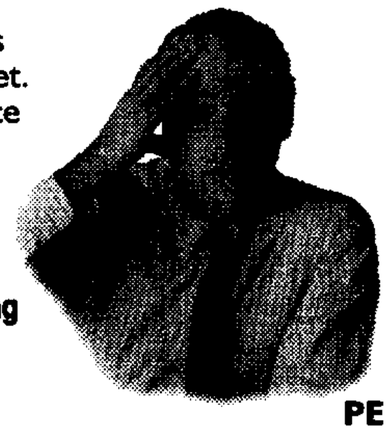
Air Miles is a trademark of Air Miles International Holdings N.V. *Air Miles* awards are held and issued for use subject to British Airways Executive Club and Air Miles Customer Terms and Conditions.
†Different offers apply to different fare classes. Terms and Conditions apply.

specialEYEs

surveillance

DISCREET **SURVEILLANCE** EQUIPMENT
ENDS UNCERTAINTY!

Whether it's commercial or personal, disloyalty can have catastrophic results. Fortunately there is now a remedy.
Lorraine Electronics provide personal advice that's dependable, reliable and more importantly, discreet. You can write or telephone in confidence for advice or simply to request a free catalogue.



■ UHF Crystal Controlled Room and Telephone Transmitters ■ Body Wires and Wire Taps ■ Radio and Computer Controlled Systems ■ Specialist Receivers and Recorders ■ Recording and Transmitting Briefcases ■ Counter Surveillance Equipment

LORRAINE ELECTRONICS SURVEILLANCE
716 Lea Bridge Road, London E10 6AW

0181-558 4226

PROTECTING YOUR BEST INTERESTS FAX 0181 558 1338 http://www.lorraine.co.uk

NEW LONDON SHOWROOMS:
59 South Audley Street, Mayfair, W1Y 5FB 27 Conduit Street, (Bond Street), W1R 9TA

clubs

The
Blue Angel Club
welcomes you and your friends for a really unforgettable evening. Drink, or dine and dance in luxurious surroundings and be served or entertained by our Angels.
OpenMonday to Friday from 6.30pm until late
Membership not required.
17 Little Portland Street, London W1N 5DE Tel: 0171 636 2178

meeting people

★ STOCKBROKERS • DOCTORS • ADVERTISING • ACCOUNTANTS • ARCHITECTS ★
MARKETING • DESIGNERS
EDUCATIONALISTS • WRITERS
★ MEDIA COMPANY DIRECTORS • LAWYERS • PR • BANKERS • SCIENTISTS ★

drawing down *the* moon
PERSONAL INTRODUCTION CONSULTANTS - THE FIRST AND FINEST
"a partner for life...that's where Drawing Down the Moon comes in"
FINANCIAL TIMES
0171-937 6263
www.drawingdownthemoon.co.uk
Head Office: Adam & Eve Mews, Kensington. *City Office:* Cannon Street
24 hours. Member ABIA. Est. 1984

virtual services

the
VIRTUAL OFFICE
0171 917 2917
211 Piccadilly
London W1V 9LD
www.virtual office.co.uk

Give our girls a call
- Bright, professional receptionists.
- Calls answered in your company name and redirected.
- Nationwide business addresses.
- Full range of business support services.
- Conference room facilities and full secretarial support.

politics

£ EUROPE €

WHEN "THE TIME IS RIGHT" FOR THE EURO HOW WILL YOU VOTE?

YES ☎09069 600 416
NO ☎09069 600 417
Call now and have your say.
Results published next edition.

Calls charged at £1/min.
Orangebrook Enterprises Ltd. P.O.Box 1220, Oxford OX2 5YS

exhibitions

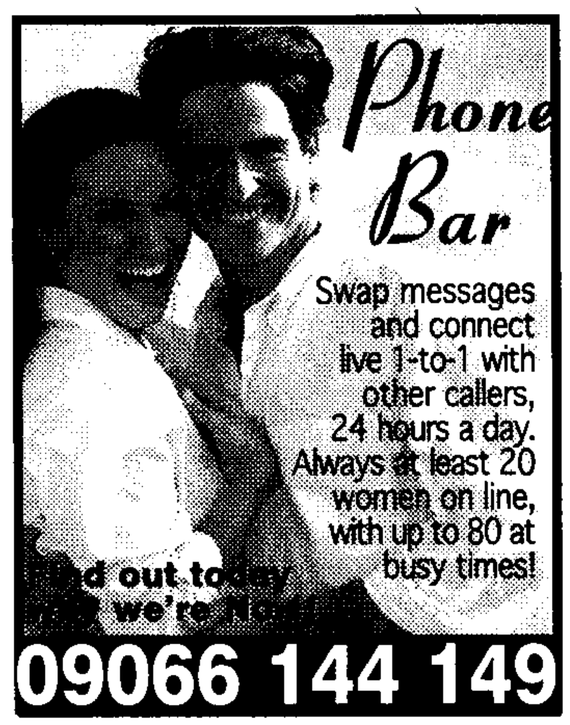
Tribal Politics
cartoons by Chris Riddell

The Cartoon Gallery shall be hosting the book launch of Chris Riddell's first ever collection of Observer editorial cartoons on:
November 1st 1999.
Riddell's original cartoons, featured in the book, will be available for purchase within the Gallery and via our web site, during the supporting exhibition:
Physical exhibition: 1st - 14th Nov.
Virtual exhibition: 1st Nov - 19th Dec.
The Cartoon Gallery is downstairs at: Gosh! 39 Gt Russell St. London WC1B 3PH tel: 020-7636-1011
fax: 020-7436-5053 e mail: cartoongallery@easynet.co.uk
Web site: http://www.cartoongallery.co.uk

services

WIND UP YOUR FRIENDS!
Call one of the numbers below, put it through to a mate - *then wait for the reaction!*

Mr. Fury
09060 111600
The Detective
09060 111615
Mr. Stammer
09060 111617
Irate Delivery Driver
09060 111618
My Daughters Pregnant
09060 111619
JOKELINES, PO BOX 43, WARMINSTER, WILTS BA12 7RJ
Calls cost £1/min at all times


Phone Bar
Swap messages and connect live 1-to-1 with other callers, 24 hours a day. Always at least 20 women on line, with up to 80 at busy times!
09066 144 149

Calls cost 60p/min. PhoneTime, POBox 4DZ, London, N1

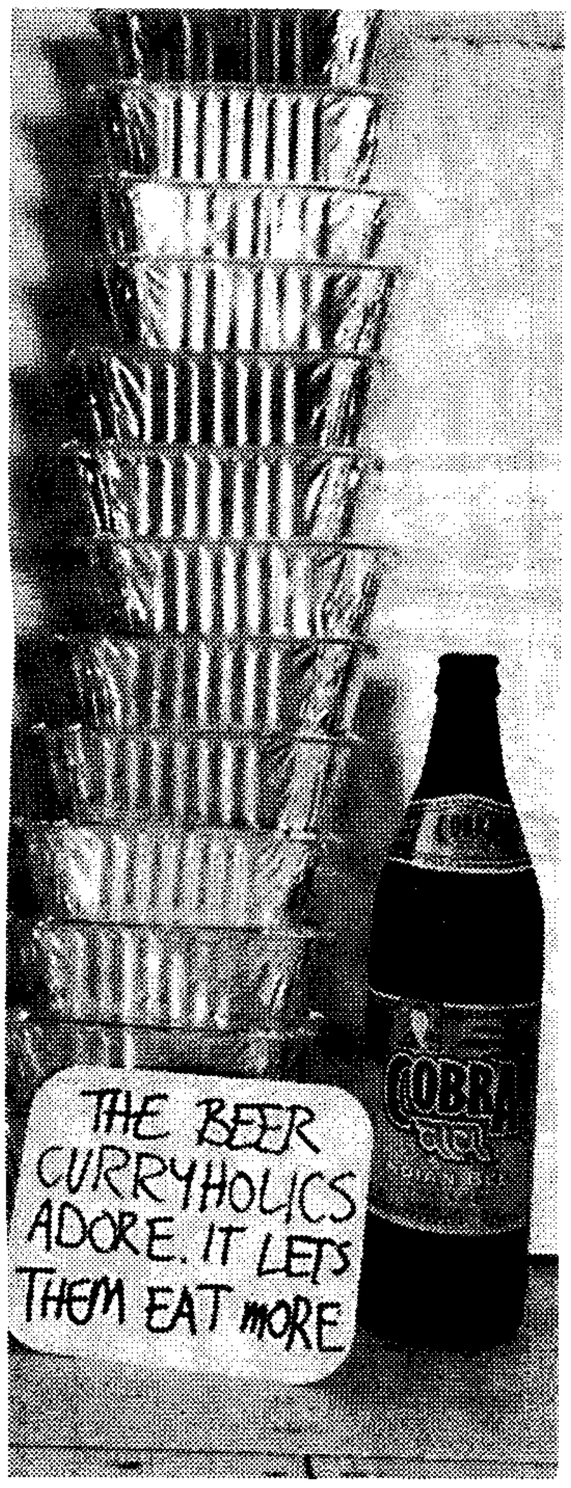
SPEECHWRITING SERVICES
CORPORATE • SOCIAL • POLITICAL
Fully Customised and confidential
MAKE EM LAUGH OR NO FEE!
Emergency Speeches Undertaken
Britain's leading Professional
MITCH MURRAY
01624 622660
Access - Visa - Mastercard

HELICOPTER TOUR OF LONDON
A twin engine heliflight along the Thames at 1000 feet, seeing London sights and the Millennium Dome
OUR VOUCHERS MAKE AN IDEAL GIFT! VALID 6 MONTHS

Phone for brochure or to book
CABAIR HELICOPTERS
0181 953 4411

To advertise on these pages call
0171-839 6306
Madison Bell Ltd

drink



ZYDOT

One hour after drinking Euro Blend, your urine may be pure for 4 to 5 hours

AVAILABLE AT GOOD STOCKISTS

Customers call 01525 370 702

Also available: Zydot Ultra Clean Shampoo ~ Europe's favourite 3-step deep-cleaning hair treatment

WWW.ZYDOT.COM

gifts

GENUINE BIRTHDAY NEWSPAPERS

From largest archives saved from the past. Printed between 1642-1999. Sunday Newspapers from 1915. Ready for presentation. Same day dispatch.

REMEMBER WHEN
445 Brighton Road
South Croydon
CR2 6EU.

VISA PE

0181 763 6363

Jigsaw Puzzles from YOUR photos

DELIVERED IN SEVEN WORKING DAYS IN AN ELEGANT GIFT BOX

280pcs - 15x11" - £14.99 inc p&p
120pcs - 15x11" - £13.99 inc p&p
60pcs - 15x11" - £12.99 inc p&p
30pcs - 11x8" - £10.99 inc p&p

TO ORDER SEND ANY SIZE PHOTOGRAPH (RETURNABLE) WITH CHEQUE/P.O. TO US AT:

ARTY-ZAN, Dept.(P1)
Fairholme Farm, 14 Croydon Lane
Banstead, Surrey SM7 3AN
01737 379342

FULL REFUND IF NOT 100% SATISFIED

gourmet foods

Truly Sensational Onion Marmalade!

You won't find our range of mustards, sauces and chutneys in the supermarkets, but you can run them to earth in good independent delicatessen, butchers, farm shops or fishmongers. For full details and nearest stockist please get in touch.

www.tracklements.co.uk

Sherston, Wiltshire, SN16 ONX.
Tel: 01666 840851 (Fax: 840022)

Only 4 issues of PRIVATE EYE left this side of the MILLENNIUM

12/11/99 & 26/11/99

10/12/99 - still time for those last minute gift ideas

24/12/99 - BUMPER MILLENNIUM ISSUE

❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄❄

ACT NOW.....to make sure you don't miss out on our great advertising opportunities

0171 839 6306

Madison Bell Ltd

1991 PORSCHE 911 Excellent condition. Red. £3,200. Saving £5,400

HOUSE, 2 BEDROOMS, LANCS. Freehold. Vacant possession. £1,750

IBM NOTEBOOK COMPUTER. New. Boxed. £312. Saving £1,600

AUCTION INSIDER

THE NEWSLETTER WHICH SHOWS YOU

HOW TO SAVE £££s BUYING AT AUCTION

AND HOW TO MAKE £££s OF PROFIT SELLING WHAT YOU HAVE BOUGHT

Every month readers of *Auction Insider* receive the only comprehensive UK listing of 'no reserve' auctions where everything must be sold, regardless of how low the price obtained. Some readers are interested in selling on for profit, others in picking up bargains for their friends and families. Either way *Auction Insider* is packed with the exclusive inside information and specialist advice you need to pick up bargain after bargain after bargain.

SOME MORE EXAMPLES BOUGHT AT AUCTION IN THE LAST 12 MONTHS

- Flymo lawnmower, new, boxed - £20
- 3 kitchen chairs, good condition - 59p (!)
- Minolta 35mm Super Rokker camera - £16
- Nearly new Muddy Fox mountainbike - £22
- Edwardian walnut wardrobe - £25
- Fishing rod with accessories - £2
- Large Le Creuset casserole - £3

ONLY AUCTION INSIDER OFFERS YOU...

Special MONTHLY coverage of Government Auctions, Police Lost Property Auctions, including those dealing in Transport lost property, Ministry of Defence Surplus, H M Customs & Excise Seized Goods, Inland Revenue Seized Goods, PLUS Receivers' & Liquidators' Sales, Property Auctions, Internet Auctions, Specialist Collectors' Auctions, General Auctions, Fine Art Auctions - in fact, if it's being auctioned, we cover it.

TYPES OF GOODS SOLD AT 'NO RESERVE' AUCTIONS

Antiques, furniture, bicycles, property, wine, cars, jewellery, collectibles, ex-government equipment, army surplus, lost property, seized goods, bankrupt stock, electrical goods, machinery, carpets, computers, office furniture & equipment, non-perishable food, art, building materials, books, software, insurance policies, aristocratic titles, clothes, kitchen equipment, bathroom fittings, linens, designer label clothing, and general goods of every description.

We tell you where the auctions are; what to buy; and what to pay for goods PLUS how to sell what you buy; optimising profit with minimum effort; trade secrets; where the real bargains are to be found; bidding tips; and much more besides. You won't find the same depth or breadth of auction information from any other publication.

AUCTION INSIDER
FREE - A TRIAL ISSUE OF AUCTION INSIDER
FREE - UNDER THE HAMMER A 36-PAGE GUIDE TO BUYING AND SELLING AT AUCTION
UNDER THE HAMMER

AUCTION INSIDER, 67 Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1AF. Tel: 0171 353 5998

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Complete this coupon now to receive your FREE TRIAL ISSUE so you can see for yourself if Auction Insider is for you. If you decide to subscribe we'll reduce the cost for the first year by 50% to just £49.90, and send you your free copy of *Under the Hammer* .

SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

YES. I wish to take advantage of your FREE TRIAL. I have completed and signed the coupon. I understand that you will hold my application for at least one month. If I decide not to proceed with my subscription, I will let you know within 30 days of receiving my free issue and I will pay nothing.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....Postcode.....

Office use only ☐

To.....Bank

Sortcode ....

Address.....

.....Postcode.....

Current A/c Name.....

A/c Number.....

Please pay to The Co-operative Bank plc (08-92-99), 6 Olympic Court, Mountford St., Salford M5 2QP, Meteor Press Ltd, account number 70631959, on receipt of this order the sum of forty nine pounds ninety pence. Thereafter, commencing on the first anniversary, please pay ninety nine pounds eighty pence annually, until countermanded by me.

Signed..... Date .....

Send to Meteor Press Ltd, FREEPOST (LON 8800), 67 Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1BR

1900

You are covered by our full MONEY BACK GUARANTEE - you may cancel your subscription at any time and we will refund the unused portion in full. ©1999 Auction Insider (ISSN 1460-3438). We hope to recommend other products and services to you. If you do not wish to receive details please write to us at the above address.

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS

CLASSIFIED LINAGE ADVERTISEMENTS
£1.75 per word personal, inc. vat
£2.25 per word business, inc. vat
Bordering £10, Box Number £8
20 Orange Street, London WC2H 7ED
DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE OCTOBER 29

0171 839 8384

EYE QUOTE

The Australian bushman who inspired the film "Crocodile Dundee" has been shot and killed by the police. Rodney Ansell, whose antics in the Outback caught the imagination of actor Paul Hogan and inspired him to make the hit movie, died in a shoot-out after he had shot dead a police officer at a roadblock south of Darwin. "He loved the fame the film gave him, but I guess he must have lost the plot..." said a spokesman.
HELLO magazine.

EYE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

DIGITAL VIDEO – your videotapes on CD! 60mm £23.99 – www.video2cd.co.uk – 01438 220607.

SEBOR ABSINTH
(the real thing)
as seen on BBC
FOOD & DRINK PROGRAMME
£29.95 GBP plus p&p
Phone for information on
0181 943 9526.

OLD BONDS, share certificates and maps – for collecting/framing. Ideal Christmas presents. Send for free brochure. GKR Bond Ltd, Unit 4, Park Farm, Inworth, Colchester, CO5 9SH. Tel: 01376 571711. Fax: 01376 570125.

FESTIVE FLATULENCE! Fart Machines, CD's, T-Shirts, Mufflers! www.mrmethane. com.

PERSONALISED CHAMPAGNE
your unique message
printed on the label
delivered NEXTDAY nationwide
£28
0181 675 9494.
www.liquidid.co.uk

MOULD-A-WILLY KIT – make exact VIBRATING rubber replica, chocolate, candle etc! £19.99 www.quantum-design.co.uk phone 01305 848 666.

CARICATURES FROM PHOTOS – Tel: 01327 359213. website: http://welcome.to/caricatures.

CHRISTMAS GIFT. Give someone an original newspaper, dated DAY THEY WERE BORN – £19. Plus free one YOUR birthdate! 0171 726 2626.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT
WITH A DIFFERENCE.
Weekend Sailing in the Solent.
Registered sailing school
and professional skipper.
£135 all-inclusive.
Phone/Fax
TEAM SAILING 01705 735199.

FINEART FAKES! Any PAINTING reproduced by experienced Artist. Ideal gift, promotional item, etc. From £180. E-mail: fineartfakes@genopa.netlineuk.net

CHRISTMAS/MILLENNIUM Party-throwers: wish to in-CREASE your mix n'mingle pleasure? E-mail for return details: Papertiger372407@aol.com

CLASSICAL REPRODUCTIONS
Exquisite copies
of fine art masterpieces,
hand-painted to order.
From Raphael to Renoir,
Velazquez to Van Gogh.
Fantastic presents
for special occasions,
supreme self-indulgence for art-lovers!
Call our shop on 0116 270 5453
or check out our web site at:
www.classicreproductions.com
Join our
"Painting of the Millennium" poll
and you could win a copy of your
favourite painting!

TITLES – LORD, LADY etc. Tel/Fax 0800 652 6641. www.elitetitles.co.uk

CITY OF CATHAY
Spot the kid pissing
on the schoolhouse wall
in this irreverent peek
behind the scenes
at life in imperial China.
Interactive version of an 18c
court handscroll
(CD for Windows) with 64x zoom.
£30 inclusive from
Lee & Lee Europe
Puriton, Somerset TA7 8BE
01278 685994.

TITLE PLUS LAND for £20. HONEST! Details: SURVIVAL,(P), 'Norcot', LYBSTER, Caithness, KW3 6AQ.

BESPOKE CROSSWORDS
personalised crosswords
for special occasions.
Details from
01484 684902

BIRTHDAY/ANNIVERSARY newspapers – FREEPHONE 0800 906609.

FLYING, GLIDING, helicopters, motor racing, rallying, vintage aircraft, ballooning, simulators, skydiving. Introductory GIFT VOUCHERS from £55 valid 100+ locations nationwide. FREE BROCHURE: ACORNE SPORTS – 01494 451703.

IMPRESSIVE CERTIFICATES made to order. S.A.E. to PL Quinn, "Rose Cottage", 54 Murat Street, Waterloo, LIVERPOOL L22 8QW. E-mail: degreee3@pobox.com

PHOTO BANNER
Your photograph and message
reproduced on photo quality paper.
Perfect for parties,
birthdays, anniversaries,
product promotions etc.
6' BANNER
£39.95 inc.
C.T. Graphics
0121 241 7878.

BALLOON FLIGHTS Berks – Hants – Herts – Oxon – Surrey & over London! £115 – Adventure Balloons 01252 844222.

LEGAL TITLES AVAILABLE
Sir, Lord, Baron etc.
ENGLISH MANOR TITLES
01803 858644.

EYE SAY

www.faxfn.org – what the fuck ARE the universities up to?

SPEECHWRITING by Mitch Murray – see page 30...

EYE FIND

VALERIE, twin sister of Timothy Timpson, school friends trying to trace you. Susan, Paula, Jacky. Box 328

CALLING RONNIE KNIGHT – novelist, liar, pornographer, low life. If you know where he is contact Box 338

EYE WANT

BEEN SERIOUSLY disappointed with a NNEB-qualified NANNY? Please call researcher Rhonda in confidence on 0171 313 6778.

CONDON RETIRING...!!! Embittered hack knows score, needs more, plans knackering send-off. 0780 867 3385. Box 3488.

DO YOU HAVE OR HAVE YOU HAD
A SECRET LOVE
for many years?
Have you endured the pain and
anguish,
as well as the passion,
excitement and desire
of leading a double life?
If so, please contact
C4 TV RESEARCHER CLAIRE,
in confidence on
0171 482 3999.

LAND/PROPERTY always wanted. Any condition/size/area considered. Call 01264 363422.

AWARD WINNING PAINTER of abstracts, not derivative, dull or dreary – seeks buyers, gallery or management. 01273 608409.

MILLENNI-EYE

GET PIPING HOT for the Millennium! www.bagpipemusic.com

MOBILE DISCOTHEQUE
Available for
NEW YEAR'S EVE –
MILLENNIUM NIGHT!
Lights and Music for all ages.
Distance no object.
EX-RADIO CAROLINE DJ.
Offers?
Call Barbara
01625 576469.

OLIVE PICKING on the Peleponnese – leave London 20th December. Contact Pavlos – 0958 291919.

HIGH CLASS
ROCKABILLY TRIO
seeks millennium work.
Call VINCE
07970 178337.

NEW YEARS EVE – large Marquee/Disco available. Best offer by November 12th secures. Tel: 01284 723 921.

MILLENNIUM PARTY GUN
goes off with a bang
and shoots confetti across the room.
A must for all parties.
£3.99 + £1 p&p
Cheques or postal orders
SHEPHERDS,
Unit F5,
Keighley Business Centre,
South Street, Keighley,
BD21 5AG

EYE HEAR

JUKEBOX HIRE for parties. 7" vinyl and/or CDs. Delivered. From £116 – 0181 318 2852.

MARTIN GUITARS – get the guitar you have always promised yourself from www.guitar-centre.com

EYE SELL

EXTRA VIRGIN OLIVE OIL. First cold pressing. Koroneiki Olives. Contact Pavlos – 0958 291919.

CUBAN CIGARS – Cohiba Esplendidos. Normal retail £600 per box, sell for £425 or 2 for £800 – 0831 159038.

LOGS DELIVERED – London. Seasoned oak/ash, 10x40lb sacks £68 – 0181 691 4984.

EVER FANCIED OWNING your own bar/restaurant? Unusual opportunity to own a share of one in the West End – 0385 927208.

QUALITY GERMAN
CONDOMS (CONDOMI)
Natural, strong, thin,
ribbed or fruity
B.S.I. spec.
45 – £12 (any combination)
cheque/P.O.
M. Lagan
PO Box 971, Bradford, BD4 0YR

OLD PERSIAN RUGS – Mostly £100-£3,000. Shed not shop, telephone first. DESMOND NORTH, East Peckham, Kent. 01622 871353.

IF MUSIC be the food of love, GET STUFFED – at Richer Sounds. Free phone 0500 10 11 12 (24 hours) for your FREE 24 page CATALOGUE/BRANCH LIST or visit our website at www.richersounds.com

THE QUINTESSENTIAL English Vice – CP videos. SAE illustrated details: S.A.L., PO Box 154 Southport, PR8 2GP

AUTHENTIC, INHERITABLE Lord and Ladyship of the Manor titles for sale by private treaty. LORD OF THE MANOR TITLES. Tel: 01628 850562, Fax: 01628 527623.

EYE HOMES

BEAUTIFUL WATERFRONT HOLIDAY HOME
in prime location on the Kingsbridge Estuary,
SOUTH DEVON.
53ft converted fishing trawler,
fully seaworthy, sleeps 7-8.
Complete galley,
and accommodation.
Moored alongside famous pub.
Great second home – no council tax!
£38,500 ono.
Call 01548 857458.

WOODBURY, EAST DEVON
Charming one bed-roomed apartment
in centre of popular village.
Close to beach and golf course (prop N. Mansell).
Details on
www.brookleigh.freeserve.co.uk
or call
ANDY AND DIANE
on 01395 233065.

LARGE FREEHOLD retail property Grimsby/Cleethorpes main road. Alarmed, new roof. Accident forces sale, hence £20,000. 01427 872509.

UNIQUE LIFESTYLE OPPORTUNITY
for sale
THRIVING VEGETARIAN CAFÉ
plus
Freehold premises
with 3-bed owners accommodation.
Unchallenged position.
Excellent potential.
Llandrindod Wells, Powys,
GUIDE PRICE £109,000
Interested?? Contact Matthew Hill @
RUSSELL BALDWIN & BRIGHT COMMERCIAL
Telephone 01432 343800
Fax 01432 342888
Email:
hfd.commercial@rbbm.co.uk

EYE HOME HUNT

ISOLATED HOLIDAY accommodation wanted for short break. Up to 2 hours drive from London, at least half a mile away from anyone else. Box 3988.

EYE DRIVE

RENT-A-DENT Car/Van hire – ABSOLUTE CHEAPEST DEALS. 0181 349 1661 / 0370 597419.

CONTRACT HIRE for small and new businesses. Low finance, late used company cars from Mondeos to BMW with full maintenance included and NO PG's. Call Rob at DUNCTON LEASING on 01798 343850.

EYE READ

US BOOKS – US PRICES + audio, video, software – www.bookstore.co.uk – or phone 01932 828844.

THE OLDIE MAGAZINE'S NOVEMBER LITERARY LUNCH
November 2nd
Simpsons-in-the-Strand
VALERIE GROVE,
GRIFF RHYS-JONES
P.D. JAMES
Details:
Ben Tisdall
0171 734 2225.

FOURTH WORLD REVIEW. For thinking radicals. Sample: 24 Abercorn Place, NW8 9XP.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS FOUND – free search. No obligation to purchase – 01376 562334. E-mail: Jeremy.Dore@tesco.net

EYE BUYS

630+ EYES – £90 plus post and packaging. 01270 820409.

ISSUES 19 TO 274 – some missing. Call MORRIS on 0181 801 4558.

EYE TECH

COMPUTER TROUBLE? Let a genuine PC expert help you with advice, installation, setup, programming and trouble-shooting – and save yourself some big headaches. Call TOBY on 0171 229 3001 for friendly, professional advice.

CUTTING EDGE WEB SITES FOR UNDER £100?
Surf no further!
http://www.cookiedude.com
We're not just techies –
we're professional journalists!
E-mail: enquiries@cookiedude.com
Telephone Luton 01582 651231.
WE OPERATE A STRICT NO JARGON POLICY!

INJET CARTRIDGES, laser toner, SAVE £££'s. Printech UK – 01790 752023. Inkexpress@aol.com

EYE HELP

DO YOU SPEAK with confidence? You will with a SPECIALLY WRITTEN speech. FREEPHONE 0800 389 8568. Keith Anderson. CRISP & CHEERFUL SPEECHES.

LANDLORDS – Before letting, discover how to LEGALLY and ENFORCEABLY protect your house and income. For details, write to: FOUR WALLS, Box 1569, Wedmore, BS28 4YF.

BEST ACCOMMODATION address. Absolute privacy. Mail/Fax/WP. 0171 284 2897.

SPEECHES WRITTEN for all occasions by professional team. Last minute service a speciality. Contact SPEAKEASY on 01675 443642. speakeasy_@hotmail.com

TOTALLY DISCREET LAKES accommodation address. Absolutely private. Telephone/Fax 01539 561967.

GOT THE PERFECT SPEECH? Nervous about delivery? Expert coaching – 0118 9016568.

MAILING ADDRESS, £300 pa. Mayfair – 0171 439 3806 (Est. 1981). www.junefmartin.co.uk.

LET US ANSWER for you, helpfully and professionally. Call Carol at FARWOOD LODGE! 0845 601 2504.

BEST ACCOMMODATION Address. Absolute Privacy. Mail/Fax/WP – 0171 284 2897.

CONFIDENTIAL MAILING address – interesting range low-profile privacy related services and products. 0181 556 2979 for brochure.

LIMITED or PLC companies, £90. Brochure: FREEPHONE 0800 526421, e-mail: cosun@drink.demon.co.uk

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS
discreet, confidential
mail/message-holding service.
REGENT STREET
0171 580 4242.
Email: hold-everything.com
Forget the rest – we're the best!

SPEECHWRITING by Mitch Murray – see page 31...

EYE DETECT

SPECIALIST ANTI-SURVEILLANCE – de-bugging – security reviews – investigations. Total discretion 0181 665 5646; 0956 525712.

WWW.DetectivesUK.com
Log on to the most comprehensive
Internet directory of
INVESTIGATORS AND DETECTIVES
in the UK
or tel:
0181 781 0664.

LINK INVESTIGATIONS – Private and Commercial Investigators. Tracing Debtors, Lost Family and Friends, Matrimonial, Surveillance, Photographic Evidence, Witness Statements, Undercover Agents, Test Purchases, Staff Vetting, Fraud, De-Bugging, Professional and Discreet. Operative 24 hours a day. Tel: 01306 880707, Fax: 01306 888077.

MERLIN INVESTIGATIONS
journalism to surveillance
no stone unturned –
01992 767257
Fax: 01992 767277;
Mobile: 0802 734489;
merlin999@bigfoot.com

BUGGING DEVICE. Transmits to F.M. radio. £12.95 CHQ'S/VISA – MICROTECH, 8 Chestnut Road, Guildford, GU1 1HG. 01483 570417.

EYE PROTECT

BE IN WHEN YOU'RE OUT! Want to see and hear what's happening at your home or business whilst you're away? You can, via a standard phone line and a box the size of a video cassette, from anywhere in the world. Non PC based. Contact INTREPID on Tel: 0181 893 9922 or Email: RSM@intrepidsecurity.co.uk

www.ace-alibi.com – Have you been caught cheating? You didn't use ACE ALIBI. Free info pack 0774 789 2661.

EYE WATCH.
Nagging thoughts? Doubts?
Need somebody checking out?
No job too big.
Incredible private eye.
Absolute discretion assured.
Call 07971 831915.

BE SAFE NOT SORRY – everybody needs one now. www.zyworld.com/feelsafe.

SPY STORE INTEL.
Discreet Audio
Video Surveillance Equipment.
For more information
0181 964 8898

EYE CARE

EYE DENY – drink problem living with you? Get the DENIAL CRACKER – it works. Send £10: APAS, Freepost, Nottingham, NG1 1BR.

ACADEMY HEALTH
Brand name vitamins
SPORTS, NUTRITION
AND SKINCARE
at unbeatable prices.
Find us at
www.academyhealth.com

GROWTH THROUGH awareness – HOROSCOPE CHARTS – but no mumbo-jumbo. £35. 01422 846561.

TRY
pfizer's oral pill
if you have an embarrassing
penile dysfunction
SWISS VITAMINS
Confidential
'Fast Safe' Services
0700 561 8087
www.pfizer.com

ERECTION CORRECTION and Men's Health – VIR Clinics – the original. 0800 163861.

CONSULTANT HYPNOTHERAPIST, Harley Street. Stress, panic attacks, eating disorders, confidence, sexual problems, smoking, etc. Telephone: JESSICA RICHARDS – 0171 935 0023.

EYE LEARN

www.learnbymail.com – life experienced degrees, awards and distance learning.

TRINITY COLLEGE – University Degree awards based on previous studies/qualified experience. No further studies. Bachelors £125, Masters £195, Doctorates £295. Transcripts £20. Brochure Tel/Fax 0034952486340.

GENUINE CHECKABLE accredited University Degrees. Life qualified. 0161 795 3056. univdegree@educ.freeserve.co.uk

EYE EARN

NETWORKERS – check this out... 1st level: 15%; 2nd level: 45%. Phone 0114 230 9858 for free info pack.

TELEPHONE RICHES
Operate your own premium rate telephone services.
HOROSCOPE – DATING – COMPETITION – CHAT
You are paid for every phone call received.
No equipment required.
Operational within 48 hours
Tel: 0705 027 5779
Fax 0705 027 5006
www.ppsltd.com/premium

SUPERIOR BUSINESS Opportunity – Tremendous free company support. No fees. 01702 334410.

EYE JOBS

JOBS WORLDWIDE
with
OVERSEAS JOBS EXPRESS
1,500 jobs every two weeks.
Subscription – £19.95
for 6 issues.
Or send large SAE
for free infopak:
OVERSEAS JOBS EXPRESS (PE)
Premier House
Shoreham Airport, BN43 5FF
Tel:
01273 440220.

EYE FINANCE

INTERNET/MOBILE PHONE initiative needs financial backing to seize window of opportunity. Box 3388.

PENSION ENTITLEMENT? Company or private, release funds, any age. Min £20,000. Buzon 61, E-29600 Marbella. Fax + 34 952765727 – york@doctor-informatica.com

HAYES SPECIALIST FINANCE. Anonymous private and corporate banking. Merchant accounts. Offshore companies. Phone: 07967 862757 or 0171 544 2803.

OLD, LOADED, LONELY, no mates, don't know how to spend it? Don't leave it to the local cats home. GET INVOLVED. Hard worker requires funding. Call 07957 363851 to discuss idea.

SUCCESSFUL PSYCHOANALYSIS/ psychotherapy book publisher seeks three years additional working capital from investors/new business partner. All genuine proposals considered. Box 3487.

EYE NEED

A NORMAL LIFE PLEASE, I need surgery to look normal, will cost over £3000, anything appreciated. LloydsTSB 30-97-55, 1126186.

STUDENT STRUGGLING to finish course due to mounting debt. Please help. Abbey National sort-code 09 01 26, A/c 22136832.

NOT REMOTELY desperate student, sufficient cash, eager to spend somebody else's. Much obliged. Halifax 11-06-63, 00286477.

MY DAD THOUGHT he was cleverer than the Inland Revenue. Now my mum's house is at risk. Please help her fight. HFC 16 53 50, 51328145. Thank you.

ALTRUISTIC FUND-RAISER doing a 350km bike ride in November in aid of mentally handicapped people seeks sponsors. Cheques payable to 'MENCAP Promotions' gratefully received: 60 Clough St, Morley, Leeds, LS27-8RW. Thanks.

SMALL WEST END restaurant seek funding/partner for expansion into adjacent property and business transformation. 0385 927208.

FUNDRAISING. Preparing 50th birthday surprise for Northern inner city mother of seven. Difficult circumstances. Very deserving Details Box 3188. Lloyds/TSB 771401, 09753468.

SELF-SUPPORTING student desperate for any help – costs £500 monthly. Lloyds 30-95-75, 0053913. Thanks.

FINANCIALLY CHALLENGED but extremely able law student needs £7500 to pay bar vocational course fees. No donation too large. Barclays 20-41-41, A/c 80477605.

ABUSIVE MARRIAGE ended, debts dragging down. Please help. 09 01 26, 05951607.

EXHAUSTED AFTER four years illness and trauma – in need of break, but no finances. NatWest 60-06-54, 74297252.

IVF TREATMENT needed by desperate couple. Any donations gratefuly received. Proof of treatment willingly given if required. Thank you kindly. Barclays: 20-79-25, 8076-8073. Box 3088.

PLEASE HELP desperate family. Absent father married abroad to escape responsibilities. Large debts pressing – money and legal assistance essential. Midland 40-31-09, 31029479. Box 2988.

STICK A
RED PEPPER
UP NEW LABOUR'S ARSE!
Radical, national but impecunious political magazine
needs £30,000
to keep the heat on Labour.
Donations to
RED PEPPER,
1B Waterlow Road,
London N19 5NJ.

SOLICITOR, (27), wants to revive William James' and Aldous Huxley's bright ideas in an already conceived fiction novel based around 31/12/99 Y2K bug crime. Would love to publish before millennium but need £6000 for all debts to leave work. Generous repayment if fortune smiles at me. Thanks. 20-48-42, 20811998.

DARK AGE HISTORIAN seeks PhD funds. Co-op 15156651, sort-code 08 93 00.

FOUR HORSEMEN seeking career move post-millennium. Send funds or else... Box 3288.

ALBA GU BRATH! Young highlander seeks financial support to produce millennial record of the Scottish Gaidhealtachd's native population. Please support our culture. BOS 80-91-26. Acc 00702410.

IMPOVERISHED PHILOSOPHER seeks patron. Three books need completion. Please help! Desperate! 0171 241 1786.

EYE LET

DORSET COTTAGE of your dreams. Stunning views of Corfe castle – 1 mile from dramatic coastline. Log fires, leather armchairs, sleeps 7. Available Xmas, New Year, some of 2000. 01225 332747.

SOMERSET. Very warm, cosy, period holiday cottage overlooking GLASTONBURY Abbey, Sleeps 3 – £150 p.w. Phone 01234 211606 or e-mail: AbbeyGlast@aol.com – for Brochure.

EYE FLY

WORLDWIDE LOWEST prices allegedly! Tel: 01942 603599 / 680268. Fax: 01942 670868. Agents ATOL holders.

FLIGHT OPTIONS – telephone booking service. Tel: 01432 851062, Fax: 01432 850722, HENRY ROGERS, ATOL 3793.

EYE ESCAPE

HOLIDAY BROCHURES ONLINE. All your holiday brochures from one website. Fast, convenient, free. HOLIDAY WIZARD – www.holidaywizard.co.uk

LOOKING FOR ADVENTURE? Clay Shooting Club in Uganda is seeking somebody with minimum 12 months to spare. Package includes accommodation in beautiful countryside close to Kampala, share of car, and basic allowance plus commissions. Relevant shooting experience an advantage – organisational skills essential. Please send c.v. by E-mail to npuganda@imul.com (49).

CORNWALL – 16th Century Manor House & Cottages. Beautiful countryside. Private fishing. Log fires. Close sandy beaches/spectacular coast. Brochure: 01288 341421. Email michael.bucknell@virgin.net

I CAN'T AFFORD to use my timeshares for a while, so buy one from me! 5star accom at 3star prices, maid services etc, many locations around the world. NICK, 01273 684069.

RIO DE JANEIRO
self-catering studio flat
from £70 p.w.
Details: e-mail
andrewc@britannia.com.br
or phone
0181 422 5102.

GOA WAY – to dream beaches of INDIAHH!!! fr £269 return. 0171 224 7070. ATOL: 5237.

NEW YORK! Friendly hotel alternatives: private B&Bs and apartments. Safe/central. www.westvillagebb.com, tel: (212) 614-3034, mail@westvillagebb.com

EYE CONTACT

VANESSA CAMBRIDGE Introductions. Nationwide introductions agency for the over 50's. Free membership for trial period. Ring 01203 404150.

ATTACHED? Seeking romance? Call David at LOVING LINKS 0171 460 7486 / 0171 937 7962. Recorded info line 0906 550 1361 (£1 per/min) or info by fax 09093 919293 (£1 per/min). Online www.lovinglinks.co.uk. Everything you imagine us to be.

DISCREET PENPALS – The safe place for broad minded adults to exchange their secrets! 2x26p stamps to: EPPS, PO Box 36, Dartford, DA2 7ZU.

VMM – the national dating and friendship agency SPECIALLY FOR VEGETARIANS. 01925 601609 – www.cybervillage.co.uk/vmm/

CONTACT MAG for adults: over 900 photos. APPROVAL copy from: MATCHMAKER, (S.76), Chorley, PR7 4BS. Or ring: 01257 480155 (24 hours).

'ADULT CHATLINE'
Girls 18+, Women online,
60p/min, jcg, tn21 8xz,
0906 361 1688

MARGARET'S special PEN CLUB – new friends UK/overseas. SAE: PO Box 1, Prestwick, Ayrshire KA9 1RJ. Est. 1986.

BEAUTIFUL RUSSIAN LADIES
Personal Introductions
Exclusive Contacts.
Guaranteed Results
OLGA EDWARDS,
PO Box 56, Hyde, Cheshire.
0161 355 6841 (24 hrs).

NEW SELECTIONS. National agency. Special offer October. 01842 811012.

UNATTACHED & SELECTIVE?
For details
of our personal introductions
social events and luncheon club
in Yorkshire & Lancashire
FREEPHONE CAROL ON
0800 731 3181.

www.abcdating.co.uk – Anonymous free ads for relationships and contacts.

AMERICAN LADIES seek British Gentlemen! Free details: Transatlantic, Box 2188-PE, San Pedro, California 90731 U.S.A.

PLUMP PARTNERS – National Dating Agency. If you are plump or prefer a plump partner – ring 01352 715909.

ATTRACTIVE EDUCATED LADIES from U.K. and Overseas are seeking loving friends/partners. Write (Dept PE/9), P.O. Box 4, Goring-on-Thames, RG8 9DN.

YOUNG LADIES worldwide seek penpals, friends, lifemates. Free details, photos! HERMES, Box 610188/S, 10922 Berlin, Germany. Fax: 0049 30 25299775.

BEAUTIFUL THAI LADIES – colour brochure SIAM INTRODUCTIONS (established 13 years) – 01689 860880. www.siam-intro.com

HEDONISM PARTIES. Adult Clubnights. Holidays. Attractive, uninhibited, funloving party animals. Couples, singles. S.A.E. Box 24405 London W5 5ZE. 09099 100185 (75p/min) – www.hedonism.org.uk

THAI CONNECTIONS – WAIA approved. Over 500 marriages. Free brochure: 01582 481725.

Girls 18+
Women on line
only 25p/min
MESSAGE EXCHANGE
Box 30 WR10 2NR
0906 216 8810

ADDITIONS – 'ATTACHED' Discreet Loving Agency for married people. 0181 905 3304, 0181 958 9657. Established 1992.

ASIAN PARTNERS. Suman Marriage Bureau, 0181 571 5145 – WWW.CUPID.demon.co.uk

EYE LOVE

UNCONVENTIONAL, WARM English He – slim, fit, 60 – WLTM excitable, continental/black She. GSOH, n/s, for lasting down-to-earth pursuits. Kent/London. Box 3888.

FIT PHILANTHROPIST, 30, seeks similar female for friendship and fun, London. Box 3788.

SEMI-DETACHED, self-employed 50s male, 6' slim, fit, healthy, secure, seeks long term discreet relationship, (walking, talking, wining, dining, theatre, cinema) with literate, articulate, loquacious lady. Norfolk. Box 3588.

CLASSY PROFESSIONAL Midlander, tall, blond, n/s, seeks smart, slim, attractive woman, 20-40, current status unimportant, for romance and laughter. E-mail Papertiger372407@aol.com

PROFESSIONAL MAN, mid 40s has it all but it's not enough – seeks professional lady for discreet occasional lunch/liaisons. London Box 2588.

GENTLE, CARING MALE, 20's – Christian, into classical music, R4, hugs, environmental issues, body building. Seeks lady 20's/30's for hugs and smiles. Central Scotland. Box 2488.

ANGLICAN F/39 – great sense of fun, cultured & articulate, Rubenesque & cosmopolitan, single but family orientated – seeks congenial male company in the Lincolnshire vicinity to share the Daily Office & hospitality. Box 1488.

HAPPY GIRL, 26, seeks happy man to laugh and drink wine with in London. Box 0788.

ARE YOU CLOSER to Heathcliff than Wilt? If you have read either book then please reply. (Ldn/S.E.) Box 2188.

SINGLE LONDON BASED Scotsman, 42, w.l.t.m. attractive glamorous lady, 25-60. Tel: 0956 283902, 0171 450 4127.

ROMANTIC FOOL, attractive, 30ish Scorpio male, seeks slim, sexy, siren for love and laughs. Kent/S.E. Box 1988.

WEALTHY, SUCCESSFUL
businessman,
late 40s, tall, slim
in celibate marriage
would like to meet
attractive like minded lady
who is looking to be appreciated,
loved, spoilt and pampered
in every way
in a long term discreet relationship.
Life is short, don't hesitate,
make it happen. Photo please.
Box 2388.

ARE YOU MY SISTER'S dream man? She is a sweet, very attractive London-based career girl in her early thirties who dreams of settling down with a successful banker, stockbroker or businessman who is tall, passionate and family-minded. Please send photograph. Box 1788.

CLASSY LADY – fashionable, feminine, in need TLC, W.L.T.M. honest gent. 55-75. Box 1688.

ADVENTUROUS FEMALE
co-explorer of erotic party scene
wanted by partially experienced,
discreet male.
GSOH offered and essential.
No time-wasters please.
Box 2288.

LIVELY, GOODLOOKING European bachelor, 50 years young, seeks an adventurous, sensual female for millennium holiday and whatever follows naturally. Box 1888.

TALL, ASSERTIVE MALE, presentable, successful 50s, seeks an unassertive but wilful lady living within the M25 for a fun discreet relationship Box 1388.

MIXED RACE DOCTOR divorced, young 45, seeks loyal funny unpretentious buxom woman for friendship and laughs. Box 1288.

40-SOMETHING
CRICKET LOVER
would like a
20-something lady
with a similar interest
to share 1st class flights to
JOHANNESBURG
plus 5-star
accommodation in Sandton
to watch
England take on South Africa
(hosted in the S.A. player's box!)
All preceded by
3 nights gambling and drinking
in Sun City.
Flight out 19/11 – back 29/11.
Alcoholic maidens
who are
bowled over by this offer
should apply to
Box 4088
with a photograph please.

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS
CLASSIFIED LINAGE ADVERTISEMENTS

£1.75 PER WORD VAT inclusive
BUSINESS RATE £2.25 PER WORD VAT inclusive
10 word minimum

BORDERING £10 EXTRA
Box number £8 (non-business advertisers only)
Cheques payable to Madison Bell Ltd
DICTATE YOUR AD WITH CREDIT/DEBIT CARD
0171 839 8384
FAX 0171 839 6719
E-mail: privateeye@madibell.demon.co.uk
MAIL YOUR ADVERTISEMENT TO:
PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 20 ORANGE STREET
LONDON WC2H 7ED

Replying to a Private Eye Box Number? Address your reply like this

Box Number ....
Private Eye Smalls
20 Orange Street
LONDON WC2H 7ED

UNPRETENTIOUS, SHY male, 28, 5'8", slim – solvent with steady job, but lonely. Hates clubs, dancing, 80's music, enforced socialising, stress and arguing. Loves walking, pub gardens, good conversation, and travelling. Seeks N.S female to relax with. Photo please. Wales. Box 1588.

WRITER, 33, considerate, slim, ennuyé, W.L.T.M. ardent temptress for classical affair. Box 1088.

PROFESSIONAL SINGLE MAN, 34, public school, graduate, intelligent, sensitive, likes classical music, theatre and literature, seeks educated, intelligent woman, 25-35, for long-term relationship. N. Bucks. Box 1188.

CUDDLY MALE, 28, with tooth missing, seeks woman, 16-58 to dribble and spend time with. GSOH essential. Must send photo. Box 0988.

ASSERTIVE, INTELLIGENT female sought by devoted professional male, 40's – for demanding, caring relationship. Box 0688.

NOTTINGHAM PROFESSIONAL man, 35, G.S.O.H., seeks clever woman for realising of dreams. Box 0588.

BUBBLY, PRETTY, sweet-natured intelligent and curvaceous blonde seeks solvent professional type for weekly romantic dalliances. No commitment expected and absolute discretion assured. Box 0488.

SLIM MAN, 44, specs, balding, intelligent, seeks passionate lady thin or buxom. Age unimportant. Box 0188.

IMPECUNIOUS SAGITTARIAN earthdog seeks tlc. Love to; Guaranteed. Genuine. Box 1588.

AMIABLE FIELDSMAN (27) seeks lusty horsewoman (20-40) for haystack romping. Thames Valley. Box 0288.

SMART, WELL SPOKEN elegant charming Indian lady doctor, recently widowed, would like to meet refined public school educated English gentleman in his fifties with sense of humour – in London area. Please enclose picture. Box 0388.

ASSERTIVE HANDSOME M/entrepreneur, 40, seeking younger, svelte, erotically unassertive F/partner – 07050 398943.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL male, (38), married but unfulfilled, seeks female free spirit for sensuous fun relationship. Any nationality. London. Box 0587.

SOULMATE REQUIRED by successful professional male, 37, with own business and nice sports car. Why is it so hard to find the right woman when I'm only looking for friendship? Manchester. Box 1686.

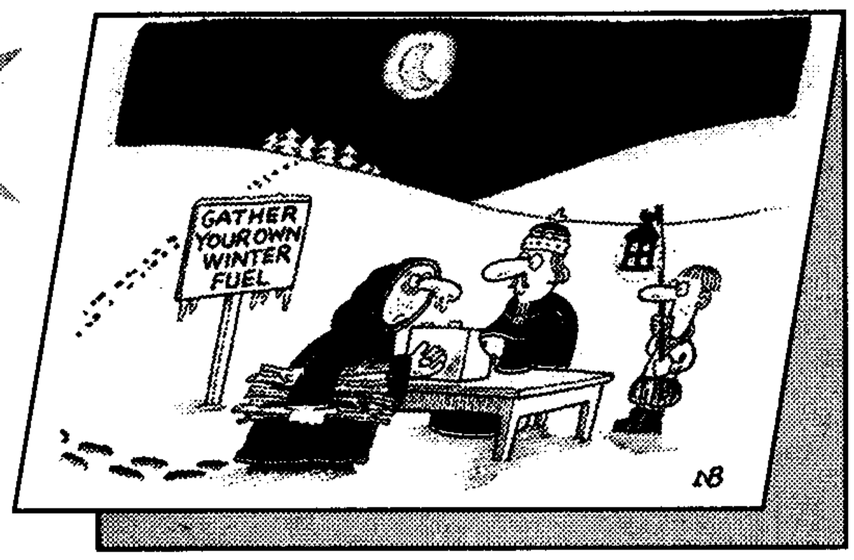
EYE SEEK

PEARL (JAPANESE), please send address. Phone number wrong. Roy Brown, 58, Cambrian Street, Aberystwyth, SY23 1NZ.

EYE SOLDIER

ARMY OFFICER on Operations, late 20s, seeks imaginative lady penpals. Witty and adventurous corespondents required to supply spice through a cold winter Tour in Kosovo. Box 2888.

ARMY OFFICERS in Kosovo seek witty, intelligent female correspondence. Replies guaranteed. Box 2788.



PRIVATE EYE'S VERY OWN CHRISTMAS CARDS

Yes, it's come round again!

6 cartoon cards by 'Eye' cartoonists: Bennett, Cluff, Newman, Pilbrow, Kipper Williams and Woodcock

2 cards (5in x 7in) of each joke make a set of 12 CARDS for ONLY £8

(postage free) or 2 sets for £14

OR FREE TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

ORDER FORM – CHRISTMAS CARDS ONLY

PRIVATE EYE CHRISTMAS CARDS,
Mortimer House, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE

CARDS SENT BY RETURN OF POST

Please send me:

❒ 1 set of Christmas cards @ £8 *or*

❒ **2 sets for £14 (additional sets £7) – no postage needed**

Number of sets ..... Total enclosed £ .....
(cheques payable to PRIVATE EYE)

OR by ACCESS/VISA Expiry date .....

Number .....

Name (please print) .....

Address (please print) .....

.....

..... postcode .....

9 770032 888044 43>

or DIAL-A-CARD JUST PHONE (24HRS) 0171 223 8193

ORDER FORM – FREE CARDS FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS

PRIVATE EYE SUBS/CARDS, Mortimer House, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE

❒ I enclose £17 *(cheques payable to PRIVATE EYE, for overseas rates see page 5)*

❒ or by MASTERCARD/VISA Expiry date .....

Number .....
(Please indicate which is cardholder's name & address)

Please send PRIVATE EYE for one year to:

Name (please print) .....

Address (please print) .....

.....

..... postcode .....

Please send FREE CHRISTMAS CARDS to:

Name (please print) .....

Address (please print) .....

.....

..... postcode .....

Please start subscription with:

❒ Next available issue

❒ The 24 December issue

❒ The 14 January 2000 issue

or DIAL-A-SUB JUST PHONE (24HRS) 0171 228 0425/6457

Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1 5RG. 0171 437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P. E. Distribution Ltd, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, SW11 1LE. 0171 223 9971